

The American LEGION

M O N T H L Y

SEPTEMBER 1931

25 CENTS



MORE THAN A MILLION CIRCULATION



"I've hit the trail to the 'Silent North'



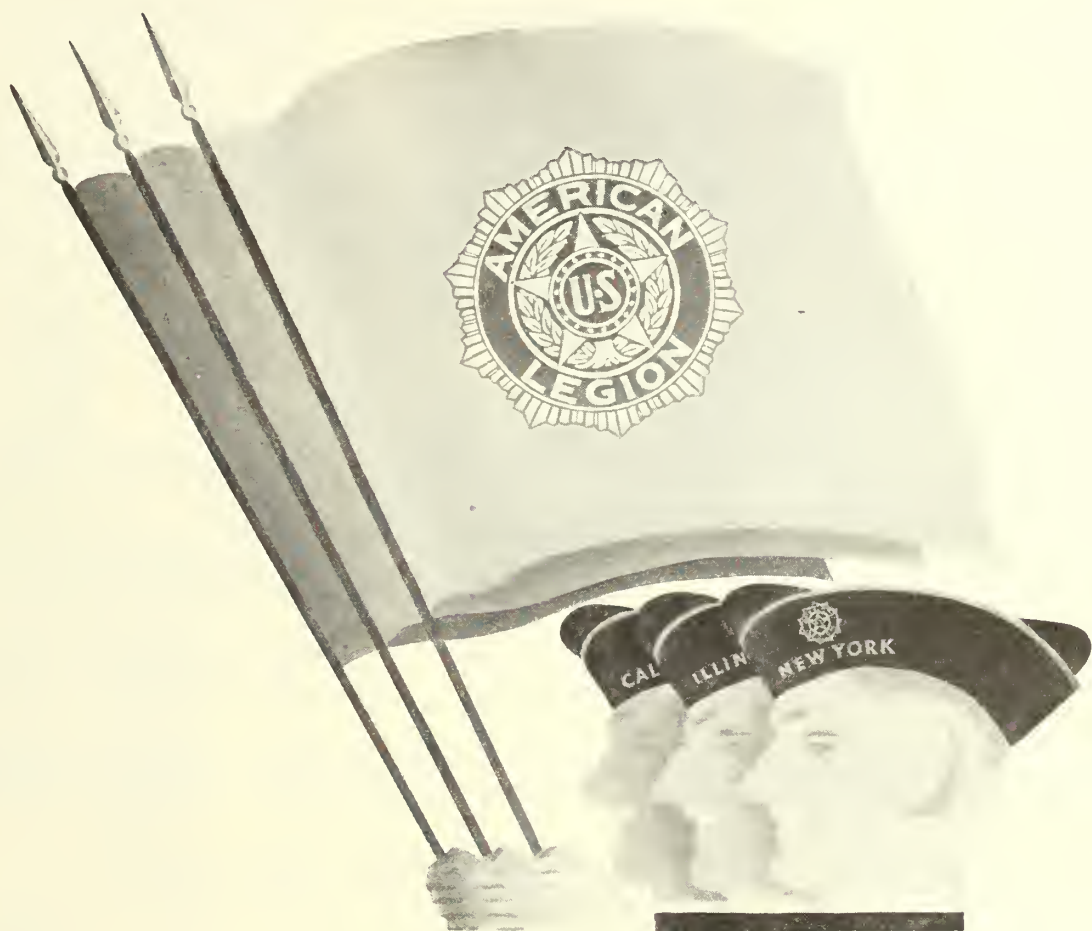
yet you'll find me on the crowded highways"

Measured haste of smoothly swinging paddles. Any minute the storm may break. But even here Chesterfield stands by . . . Ripe mild tobaccos and pure cigarette paper. Every Chesterfield is well-filled. Every Chesterfield burns evenly. *Made* to smoke milder. And to taste better. More men and women—yes, there's a big woman vote—are changing *every day* to Chesterfields.

Chesterfield



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The Big Parade

Far down the empty street . . . lined by thousands . . . there sounds a bugle call . . . and then they come! » » Men of the Legion. » » Fighters of yesteryear. » » Fathers and grandfathers of today. » » Stepping out strongly in the rhythm of true comradeship. » » Cadillac joins the city of Detroit in welcoming the Legionnaires. » » What they did in the past is not forgotten . . . and their presence here means much to the nation today.

—»»— C A D I L L A C —««—

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

SEPTEMBER, 1931

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The American LEGION

MONTHLY



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AMONG NEXT MONTH'S FEATURES

THE church bells of Boston were ringing joyously. General Gage, commander of the English Army, turned from his maps angrily, but General Howe reassured him: "Don't let them worry you, my dear General, they are only celebrating the arrival of that man Washington at the rebel camp this morning. They expect him to accomplish miracles." It is the opening scene of IRVING BACHELLER'S serial, "The Master of Chaos," which will begin in the October issue . . . A serial ends also. The final instalment of FREDERICK PALMER'S "When Mr. Baker Made War," presents an intimate picture of Baker the man. The complete history will appear as a book October 15th . . . MAJOR IDUS R. McLENDON, who commanded the battery which made the A. E. F.'s artillery bow, tells the story of "The First Shot," and HERBERT M. STOOPS, a subsequent commander of the battery, has pictorialized the event in his cover painting . . . RUPERT HUGHES concludes his article on pacifism begun in this issue.

This Month's Cover

WILLIAM HEASLIP has emblazoned in this month's cover painting a reality more glamorous than the dreams of the Arabian Nights. The air mail transport, swift galleon of modern skies, welcomed by powerful beacons, sails into harbor with blazing lights: a modern magic carpet of commerce, as wonderful as anything a genii ever wrought for Bagdad.

The rapid growth of the air mail service exemplifies as nothing else the progress made in aviation. Today 500 planes are carrying Uncle Sam's mail on 40 lines which criss-cross the country from coast to coast and border to border. In the current year these planes will carry 360,000,000 letters or nine million pounds of mail of all sorts. A New York air mail letter arrives in San Francisco in 22 hours. The Government does not own the air mail planes but lets contracts to private corporations for the operation of the lines. The growing utility of aviation is indicated by the fact that losses of air mail were only one one-hundredth of one percent of the mail carried.

Air mail planes have helped convince the public of the safety of aviation, and the public now is fully convinced. Proof of this is seen in the fact that a single line operating passenger planes hourly between Washington and New York carries as many as 5,000 passengers in a single month.

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In reporting change of address be sure to include the old address as well as the new.



They Told Him Salesmen Were "Born"

But Now He Makes \$10,000 a Year

...Thanks to This Little Book

IT WAS just a little free book that showed Ed Pinkham that he could be different from the rest of the men in our shop. Nobody ever imagined that Ed would land even in the \$5,000-a-year class, let alone be making \$10,000 before he was thirty. Ed didn't know himself the abilities he had in him as a money-maker—he couldn't even sell the foreman the idea of recommending him for a five-dollar raise.

But one day a strange occurrence changed the whole course of his life. During his lunch hour Ed started to read a little book he had brought to work with him.

"It's a book called 'The Key to Master Salesmanship,' Bill," he told me. "It's the most amazing thing I ever read. I never dreamed there was so much in salesmanship. You ought to send for a copy yourself. Why don't you? It's free."

"Huh!" said Luke Jones. "Does that book tell you how to learn to be a salesman? A fellow has to be 'born' that way to be a good salesman."

Ed just smiled at that, but he said nothing. We kidded him about it, but he wouldn't tell us any more; just smiled. About four months later he left us. The foreman grinned when he heard about it. "I'll see you in a week or so, I guess, Ed. You can have your job back when you want it," he promised and Ed thanked him. But after he left Ed never came back and we wondered what luck he was having.

After that, I forgot him until last night. I was going home, when a snappy sedan drove up to the curb next to me. "Hi, Bill, going home?" said the man in the car. I looked up, and there was Ed dressed like a million dollars, leaning over the wheel.

"For Pete's sake!" I said. "What are you doing nowadays, Ed?" He smiled. "City sales manager for the Steel Castings Company," he told me. "What are you doing?"

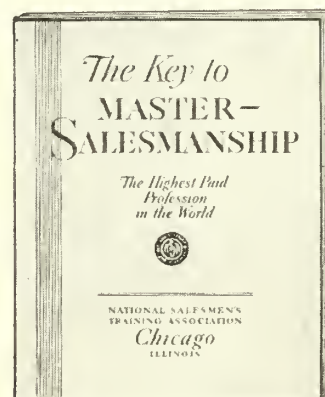
"Still at the shop," I replied. "But what I want to know is, how do you come to be sales manager for Steel Castings? They're one of the highest firms in the business."

Ed smiled again. "Remember that book on salesmanship that Luke Jones was kidding me about one day? Well, when I finished my salesmanship course, the Association I took it from gave me a choice of a number of jobs through their Free Employment Department. I got a wonderful job, and I had a wonderful training, so I've had a pretty successful time of it. They made me City Sales Manager three months ago at ten thousand dollars a year."

"Good night!" I said. "And Luke and I are still punching the old time clock!"

Ed looked at me seriously. "See here, Bill," he said. "Are you sport enough to risk two cents that you can do as well as I did? Then spend the two cents to write to the National Salesmen's Training Association tonight and get their free book. Then take their course. When you are qualified their Free Employment Department will help you get a good sales job. Not only will they help you get the job, but they agree under an iron-clad, money-back penalty that you must be satisfied with the training received—or they refund your tuition."

"Bill, training is the only thing you need to make you a wonderful salesman. That stuff that Luke Jones talks about, that salesmen are born, is the biggest bunk I ever heard. They made a salesman out of me; they can make a salesman—and a good one—out of nearly anyone who will study. Every human being is born a salesman. Thousands of the greatest possible kind of salesmen live and die without knowing their own powers. The difference that makes the so-called born salesman successful is the fact that he has learned, through experience or through training, the fundamental selling secrets that always work. It's training in those secrets, which I got from the N. S. T. A., that made a \$10,000-a-year success out of me. You can master them as well as I did. Send for that little book tonight, and when you've got your training, come and see me."



NOW SENT FREE

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details of your FREE EMPLOYMENT service

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City

Age

State

Occupation

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A book—but what a book! Just seven ounces of paper and printers' ink—but it reveals facts and secrets that have led hundreds of men to success beyond their fondest expectations! See for yourself—FREE—why thousands have increased their earning capacities, after reading "The Key To Master Salesmanship." A. L. Galbraith of Detroit, Michigan, went from a bank teller's job to the position of branch manager of a larger insurance company, after this book opened his eyes. You can understand how it helped A. A. Fidler of Montgomery, Alabama, to raise his pay 700%. You'll know how it made C. B. Sterling of Boldman, Kentucky, an officer and manager of his company, raising his pay to ten times what it was. Learn for yourself the REAL TRUTH about salesmanship. You do not risk one penny or incur the slightest obligation. And since it may prove the turning point in your career it is certainly worth your while to fill out and mail the coupon at the right. Do it now!

DEAD *or* ALIVE ?



*Decoration by
James E. Allen*

WHAT BECAME OF THE AUTHOR OF THIS DIARY FOUND IN A WOOD EAST OF THIAUCOURT TWELVE YEARS AFTER ST. MIHIEL?

ON OCTOBER 28, 1930, Ray L. Whitney of Reno, Nevada, an ex-Marine who had returned to France with his sister, Mrs. George Milburn of Los Angeles, California, to visit old haunts and to make a tour of the St. Mihiel front where he had seen action, picked up in a little wood east of Thiaucourt a small black notebook containing sixteen pages of legible handwriting. The events set forth by the book's original owner indicated that he had been in the battle which wiped out the St. Mihiel salient. The first notation was dated September 6, 1918, and the last at 10 P.M. on September 11, 1918. There was nothing to indicate the name of the author, except that he was a member of D Company and that his organization hopped off on the morning of September 12th, shortly after 5 o'clock, from some point not far from Regnieville and that he took part in the capture of Vieville, which occurred that same day.

There is a discrepancy in dates. In two places in the diary he records events under the date of September 11. Whether or not one of those dates should have been September 10 and the other September 11, or September 11 and September 12 is difficult to determine. The action set forth in the diary under the date of September 11, in two instances, indicates, however, that the diary at this point undertook to describe the events of two separate days of action. The offensive began on the 12th.

Whitney found the diary in a thickly wooded ravine. It was lying under a log near the remnants of a mouldy and weather-

RAY L. WHITNEY of Reno, Nevada, was visiting familiar territory on the St. Mihiel front when he came upon a small black notebook which contained several pages of what was obviously a war diary. Recently he showed his find to his fellow-townsmen Seth T. Bailey, who sent it to the Monthly with explanatory notes and historical data. Who wrote the diary?

beaten garment that proved to be a pair of o.d. trousers, where it apparently had lain for some twelve years. The log had helped to keep the rain off and the leaves of the little black book were well preserved. All of the writing therein was in ink, except the last three lines, which had been written in pencil. The woods in which the diary was found are about three kilometers distant from where the author of the diary made his last notations. The woods themselves were no doubt occupied on more than one occasion by troops, but whether or not the author of the diary lost the book there himself or was killed or wounded and the book was carried there by someone else is of course something to be determined. The diary ends abruptly.

From the battle map prepared by G.H.Q., the Fifth Division is credited with having captured the towns men-

tioned in the diary. At one point the author recounts the capture of Bois Gerard and further records events that happened north of those woods. It is at this point the diary ends. History of the St. Mihiel action sets forth that the Germans launched a counter attack, and that they advanced to the edge of the woods before they eventually were driven back by the Yank division. Was the author of the diary killed in that counter attack? Or did he survive? It would be interesting to identify him, if still alive, and see what he himself has to say about it. It would be interesting, too, to learn from some of his buddies, in the event he was killed in action, what circumstances entered into his death. Read the diary yourself, and if you happen to have (Continued on page 44)

"I GAMBLED 2¢ and WON \$35,840 in 2 YEARS"

*A Story for Men and Women
who are dissatisfied with themselves*

THIS is the story of a gamble—a 2c risk—which paid me a profit of \$35,840 in two years. I am not, and never was, a gambler by nature; in all probability I never would have taken the chance if more money was involved. So even if you, too, are against gambling, you will feel like risking two cents after you've read my story.

Some people believe I was lucky. Others think I am brilliant. But this sort of luck I had everyone can have. My type of brilliance is that of any average man.

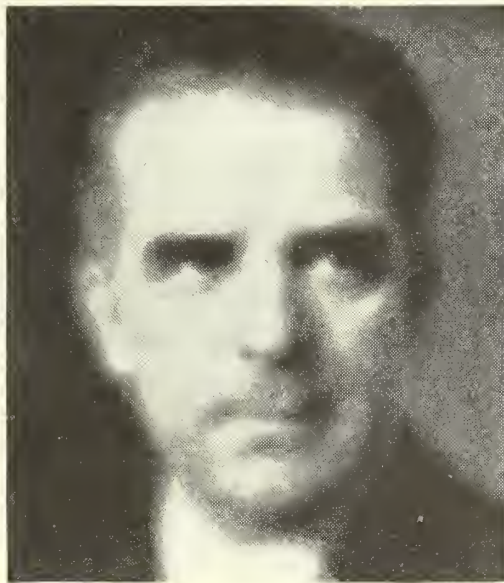
Almost any \$40-a-week wage earner has as complete a mental equipment as I had two years ago. And he feels today just about the way I did then. For two years ago, I too, was in the \$40-a-week rut. My earnings were \$2,080 per year!

I was discontented, unhappy. I was not getting ahead. There didn't seem to be much hope in the future. I wanted to earn more money—a lot more money. I wanted to wear better clothes and have a car, and travel. I wanted to be on a par with people I then looked up to. I wanted to feel equal to them mentally and financially.

But it all seemed hopeless. I was beset with fears. I was afraid of losing my job. I was afraid of the future. I could see nothing ahead for myself and my wife and baby but a hard struggle. I would live and work and die—just one of the millions who slaved their lives away. I was irritable, easily annoyed, discouraged, "sore" at my fate and at the world. I could not think clearly. My mind was in a constant whirl. I was "scatterbrained." I had a thousand half-baked ideas to make more money, but acted on none of them.

The end of each year found me in about the same position as the beginning. The tiny increases in salary, grudgingly given to me, were just about enough to meet the rising cost of living. Rent was higher; clothes cost more; food was more expensive. It was necessary for me to earn more money. So once in a while I got a few dollars more. But it wasn't because of any great change in my ability.

Today I have an income of \$20,000 a year. That's exactly \$17,920 more than it was two years ago. A difference of \$35,840 in two years. My family has everything it needs for its comfort and pleasure. My



bank account is growing rapidly. I have my own home in the suburbs. I am respected by my neighbors, and I have won my wife and children's love as only the comforts and pleasures of life can do. When I am old I will not be a millstone around anyone's neck. My children will not have to support me.

I look forward to the future with confidence and without fear. I know that only improvement can come with the years. Once I wandered through life aimlessly, cringing, afraid. Today I have a definite goal and the will to reach it. I know I cannot be beaten. Once my discontent resulted in wishes. Today my slightest discontent results in action. Once I looked forward hopefully to a \$5 a week increase in salary. Today I look forward confidently to a \$100 a week increase in my earnings.

What magic was it that caused the change in my circumstances? How did I, a \$40-a-week clerk, change my whole life so remarkably? I can give you the answer in one word—Pelmanism. I gambled 2c on it. Yet without it, I might have continued in my old \$40-a-week rut for the rest of my life.

Pelmanism taught me how to think straight and true. It crystallized my scattered ideas. It focused my aim on one thing. It gave me the will power to carry out my ideas. It dispelled my fears. It improved my memory. It taught me how to

concentrate—Low to observe keenly. Initiative, resourcefulness, organizing ability, forcefulness were a natural result. I stopped putting things off. Inertia disappeared. Mind-wandering and indecision were things of the past. With new allies on my side and old enemies beaten, there was nothing to hold me back.

I am writing this in appreciation of what Pelmanism did for me. I want other average men to gamble 2c as I did. For the cost of a postage stamp I sent for the booklet about Pelmanism, called "Scientific Mind Training." Reading that free book started me on my climb. I took no risk when I enrolled for the Course because of the Institute's guarantee. All I gambled was 2c and I am \$36,000 better off now than I would have been had I not written for the book about Pelmanism.

* * * * *

The Pelman Institute will be glad to send a copy of "Scientific Mind Training" to any interested individual. This book is free. It explains Pelmanism. It tells what it does to the mind. It tells what Pelmanism has meant to others. For over 25 years Pelmanism has been helping people to happiness. Over 750,000 others have studied this remarkable science. Among those who have praised it are such great world figures as the late Jerome K. Jerome, the famous novelist, Sir Harry Lauder, Frank P. Walsh, Major Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell, H. R. H. Prince Charles of Sweden, and many others. Your whole life may be altered as a result of reading "Scientific Mind Training." Send the coupon. You have nothing to lose. If Pelmanism does not help you it costs you nothing. There is no obligation in mailing the coupon. No salesman will call on you. Decide for yourself what to do after you read the free book about Pelmanism. Mail the coupon NOW.

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Name.....

Address.....

City State.....



IRVING BACHELLER

MY FRIEND *and* YOURS

A Tribute by Hamlin Garland

THE editors of The American Legion Monthly have asked me to write an introduction to Irving Bacheller's serial story, probably because of the long friendship we have enjoyed.

Irving Bacheller and I have traveled along somewhat similar paths toward a somewhat similar goal. In 1870 he was a farmer's son in the north woods of St. Lawrence County, New York, during almost the precise years when I was herding cattle or plowing and seeding on the western prairies. His temper was tried by the stony acres of a hillside field not far from the town of Canton, whilst I was gaining discipline and developing muscle five miles from Osage, Iowa, which was the social, commercial and literary capital toward which I aspired. Irving went to "deestricht school" in winter time, keeping up in summer his apprenticeship to the hayfork and hoe, as I did, and when he arrived at years of audacity, at sixteen or such a matter, he entered the college in Canton, as I sought the halls of the Cedar Valley Seminary in Osage. We played the same games, studied the same books and spouted the same orations and poems.

After graduation he engaged in newspaper work, whilst I made hay and did carpentering in the prairie west in order to pay my way through New England, a literary pilgrimage to the homes

IRVING BACHELLER reads Hamlin Garland a passage from one of the many notebooks which he filled with historical data designed to guide him in writing his novel of the days of Washington, "The Master of Chaos", which will begin in the October issue of The American Legion Monthly.

of Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, and other of my literary gods who were (as I afterwards learned) his gods also. At the end of his years of exploration, he found himself a reporter and later an editor in New York City whilst I settled in Boston as a teacher, an act of audacious folly which exceeded any of his.

All this time he knew nothing of me and I knew nothing of him, but as I became a story writer it was inevitable that I should at last seek him out as a purchaser of my wares. This was in the early nineties when he was the owner and editor of "the Bacheller Syndicate."

I vividly recall my first interview with him. It was in a bare, unlovely office somewhere on a cross street in middle Manhattan. As I entered, he was sitting

with his feet on a chair gazing through a window which gave on a blank wall, dreaming of something a long way from his desk. This I sensed as he slowly collected his long legs and rose to meet me. His eyes were still focused on far skies, however, and it required a considerable interval before he was entirely aware of me and my purpose.

I liked him at once. He was big and blonde and handsome, almost as handsome as Edward MacDowell. His voice was gentle and his utterance slow. "He is a dreamer, a country born poet," I thought. "He does not belong (*Continued on page 36*)



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Steelflex provides not only the scientific rowing stroke but also a Compensating Automatic "Pull-Back" utilizing the

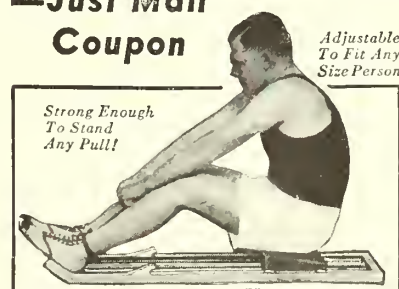
well-known principle of resistance, endorsed by leading authorities.

Although new, thousands of Steelflex Health Rowboats have already been purchased. New York Doctor writes: "Reduces abdomen, strengthens back muscles and abdominal walls. Patients enthusiastic." A business man writes, "Reduced 13 lbs. in 2 months." Others say: "Reduced waistline 3 inches in month." "Reduced 3½ lbs. in 4 days." "It's fun to exercise this way." "Worth many times its cost." (Names on request.)

No matter what part you wish to reduce or strengthen—no matter how busy you are—here is an inexpensive, enjoyable way to regain or maintain the Health and Figure you desire. You must try the Steelflex to appreciate its effects.

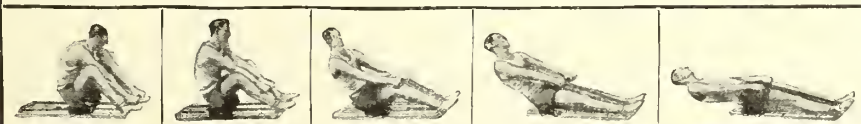
We will send your Steelflex (or Rowflex if you prefer it) by express, collect on delivery, with understanding that your money will be refunded at once, upon your request, if you are not **MORE** than delighted with it after 10 days' trial. The Steelflex must "sell itself" to you and your family. Mail coupon NOW to THE STEELFLEX CORPORATION OF AMERICA, Dept. 239, 1783 E. 11th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

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Send me Rowing Machine checked below, with instructions for use. I will deposit price, plus delivery charges, with Express Company, with distinct understanding that my money is to be returned promptly should I decide to return machine within 10 days after receiving it.

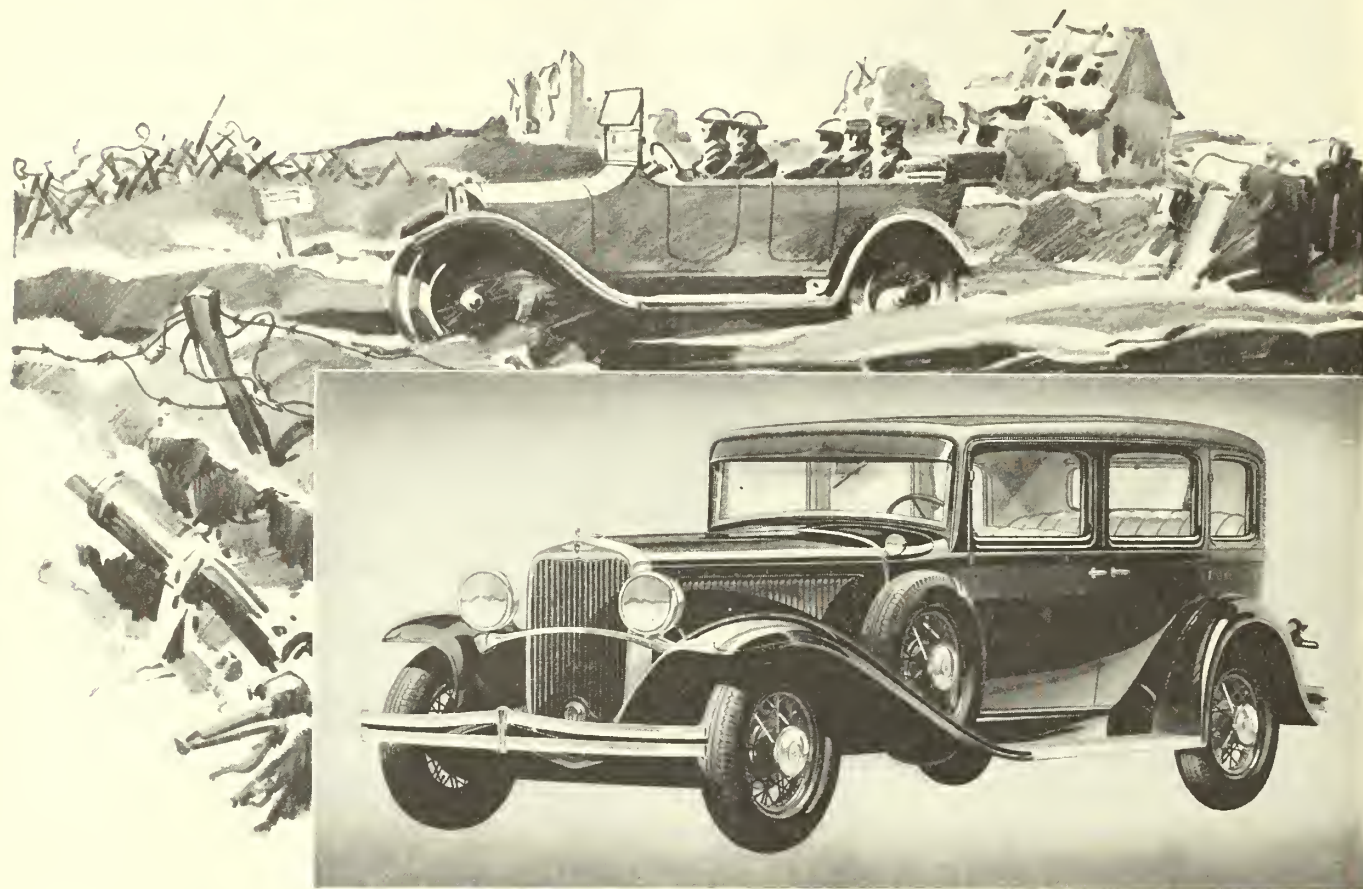
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DODGE TRUCKS... EVERY TYPE—STANDARD AND HEAVY DUTY (1½-TON STANDARD CHASSIS \$595)

SUGAR

A
D. C. I.
Story by
KARL W.
DETZER

Illustrations by
V. E. Pyles

IF YOU ask any Frenchman what was the most precious substance under heaven in the spring of 1919, he will strike his forehead with his knuckles, lightly, as the French do when pondering, and answer: Sugar. The reply is always the same. For four years the French had drunk only sour wine, had patriotically stirred small white pellets of saccharine into chicory coffee. But in 1919 the victory had been won. And the stomach, unlike the heart, requires more than glory to sustain it.

Sugar was priceless. Its worth could no more be measured in the shabby currency of the hour than could valor or greed or homesickness. Sugar softened the hardest hearts. It overrode the law, trampled prejudice, encouraged friendship and purchased virtue.

And quite naturally it stimulated crime.

Lieutenant Joe Malone, Division of Criminal Investigation, the detective bureau of the American forces in France, preferred sour wines, took his coffee straight, and abhorred candy. So he was mildly annoyed that raw March morning when his commanding officer, Captain Redmond, called him into the operations room of the Le Mans office, in the Embarkation area, shut the door mysteriously, and said: "Sugar again!"

For three months reports of sugar thefts from railroad trains had been accumulating on Captain Redmond's desk. But, he wanted to know, what was he to do about it? No one could prove that the stuff was being stolen in his area. Where should he start? What if a few hungry Frenchmen did tap a freight car now and then?

His attitude was changed now.

"G. H. Q. called me last night," he explained to Malone. "They're jumping through paper hoops. Say it's up to us to stop the sugar leak. As near as anyone can figure we've lost something over two hundred tons. That's a hell of a lot of sugar!"



"It's your lookout now, Lieutenant," he said with relief. "The shipment's off my hands"

Malone blinked. He agreed. It was enough sugar to buy the Bank of France. "But what," he asked in his turn, as Captain Redmond had earlier, "are we going to do about it?"

"You're going to stop it!" Redmond answered shortly. "It's orders. The stuff's landing from the States at Montoir, where it's transferred to French freight cars and hauled wherever it's needed, most of it to the Rhine and advance sector. Somewhere

on the way the cars are broken and the sugar's gone." He glanced at the calendar pad on his desk. "G. H. Q. gives us a week. I don't give a damn where you start or where you finish. Just stop it."

At nine o'clock the following morning . . . it was the seventh day of March . . . Malone arrived by car inconspicuously in St. Nazaire. He was a short, stout officer, with a bland face and wide eyes that were as blue as Biscay Bay and as empty as a vacant house. His voice was as disarming as his eyes, so guileless that a stranger rarely listened closely to what he said, so unimportant it seemed.

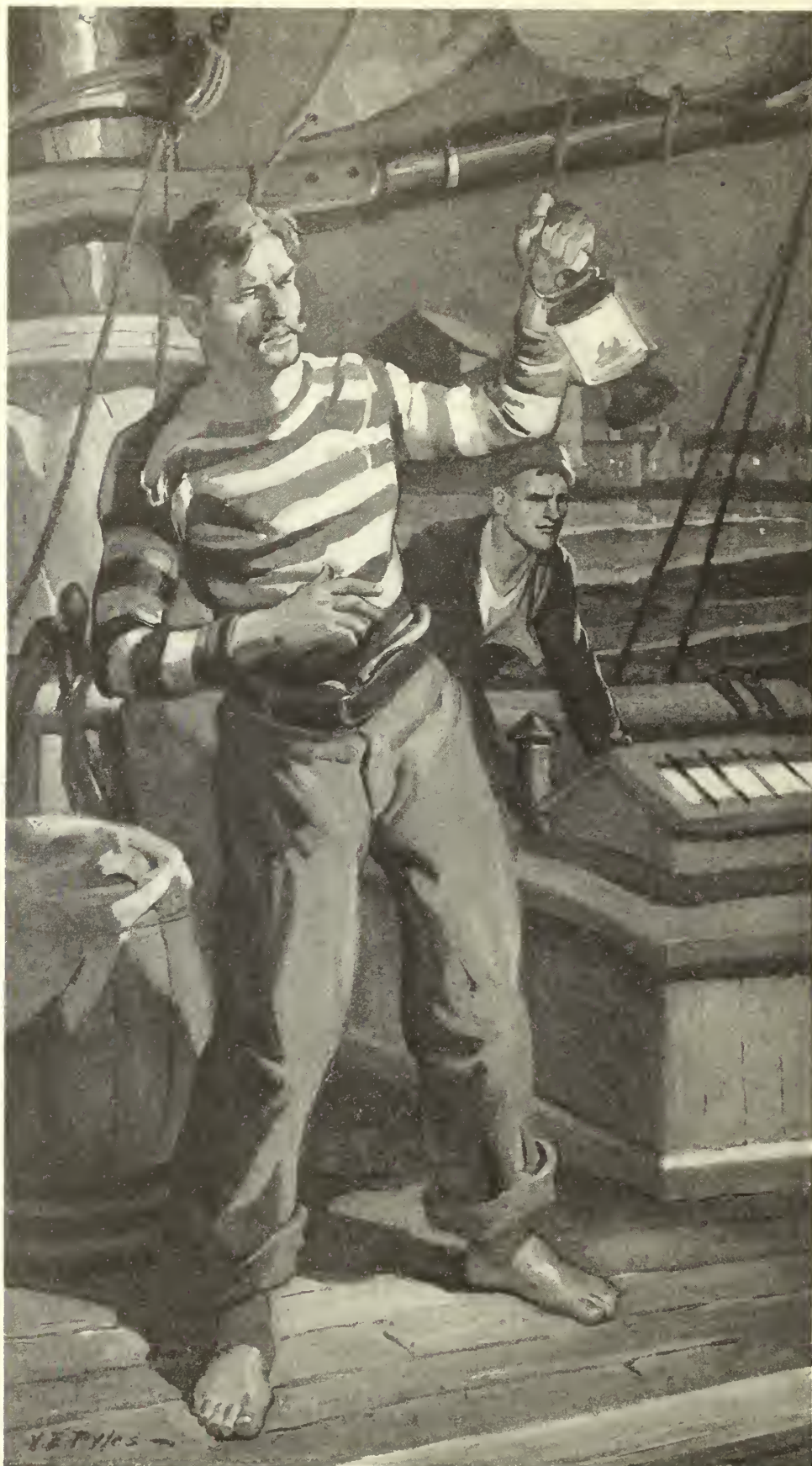
His partner was Sergeant Rudolph, whose father was a traffic sergeant and his mother a police matron. He'd served three hitches in the Tenth Infantry, a process that had not softened him. He was a big man, who ran to shoulders, jaw and ears. No one ever would have mistaken him for a Y. M. C. A. secretary, an error which embarrassed Malone occasionally.

The very fact that they were opposite types caused Captain Redmond to pair them together. It is an old police method. The clumsy and the sure, the dreamer and the driver, the violent and the submissive . . . these make the best teams. What one operator overlooks, the other sees, when one plunges too boldly the other sits back and observes thoughtfully.

From Captain Herman Dayton, who commanded D. C. I. operations in the St. Nazaire base, which area included the new American up-river port of Montoir, the two operators learned that most American sugar was unloaded from the ships at Warehouse M in Montoir, that the diminutive French freight cars were filled right there on the warehouse floor, and that French crews hauled this precious cargo over the main line of the French railroad along the north bank of the Loire, through Nantes and Angers to Tours, where the trains were routed to their destinations.

"But most of the breaks are made this side of Tours," Captain Dayton concluded. "Car checkers in Tours report the seals gone when they get there. Remember, we want results."

The officer in command of Warehouse M, Captain Dayton explained further, was a damn' fine fellow named Orcott. He was a Regular Army man, a major, working his head off now to unload vessels in jig time and get the cars out on the main tracks. His office naturally would be the beginning of the trail; at least it was as good a place as any to start.



The camp of Montoir was one of those bewildering accomplishments of American arms that the French could appreciate but never understand. A mushroom industry, a gigantic affair of iron and steel and concrete, it had leaped unannounced out of the marshes of the Loire, had spread like fire in a stubblefield till it swept the great, rounded, north bend of the river, overwhelming quicksands, swamps, cliffs, forests and farms. In six



The giant captain stood by, a lantern in his hand. When he discovered who it was, he drew back

to be a sprawling black iron affair, set in the middle of a great concrete pier, built southward into the Loire river. Between this pier and its neighboring wharf and warehouse on the west spread a broad, rectangular basin of considerable size, known to Americans as the Sugar Slip. It was bare of hull today. To the east of the sugar warehouse another arm of the river formed a shallower pool, less deeply indented into the land than the Sugar Slip and ending a hundred yards away in a huddle of little docks for fishing boats and small cargo vessels. American jurisdiction ended in this water.

"Stay within reach, Rudolph," Lieutenant Malone directed as he climbed out of their car and buttoned his raincoat. "See what you can pick up."

The warehouse was incredibly large. Many a French village worthy of a dot on the map could have been fitted snugly into it. A tall barbed wire stockade enclosed it as far as the edges of the water. In this stockade four high, broad wooden gates gave upon the front of the yard, with four sets of railroad tracks crawling under them. Each wooden gate, Malone observed with those eyes that seemed incapable of observation, was closed and made fast by a padlock as large as a man's hand.

Within the yard the railroad tracks pierced the north end or front of the warehouse itself through four great oblong openings. Folding steel gates protected these openings from any prowlers who might get into the yard by way of the river, where, naturally, there could be no stockade on the wharves, since the ships must have space to unload. At the moment, it being the middle of the working day with a sentry in sight, none of these folding gates was closed.

Seeking admission through the stockade, Malone discovered a narrow slot in the west end of the wire, with a sentry standing guard beside it. He presented his identification. The soldier, after examining it closely, following the lines of type with a wet forefinger, passed it back and looked curiously at him.

"Office is over there, sir," he said, motioning. "Door near the corner."

Malone crossed the muddy flat, his boot heels boring deep into the soggy earth. The office he entered was a small, square box, cut off from the warehouse by sheet iron partitions that had been covered as effectively as if by wall paper with innumerable files of general and special orders, requisitions, tally sheets and bills of lading.

The American major behind the desk was a middle-sized man, his hair brushed up precisely across the bald spot atop his lean head. His lips were thin, as were his cheeks, and he balanced a pair of rimless glasses dexterously as a juggler on a long, straight nose. From the knowledge Malone already had of him he could identify him as Major Orcott without an introduction. The second person in the room, not an American, was harder to classify.

He was a giant in civilian clothes, if one could so designate the dirty blue and white striped sweater, the coarse breeches tucked carelessly into high leather boots, and the greenish derby hat, several sizes too small, that perched ridiculously atop his immense head. He turned and stared at the door when Malone came in, enabling the lieutenant to see his face. His cheeks were puffed out, as if he were blowing up a football, and he wore a pair of sweeping yellow mustaches.

months it was completed, and these strange Americans, who had come so many kilometers to save France, went to work in it at once, unloading ships, without so much as taking a week off to celebrate with an appropriate fête.

To reach Warehouse M, Malone and Rudolph must traverse the entire length of the immense camp to its east end. Rain scrubbed the new concrete roadway. They found Warehouse M

"What can I do for you?" the officer at the desk asked, with just a trace of irritation in his tone.

Malone saluted belatedly, and offered his identification card, still damp from the sentry's fingers. Major Orcott examined it carefully. Then he laid it down and smiled, his thin lips pulling apart slowly as if they were stretched on pieces of elastic.

"I thought somebody would come," he said, "It's time. Wondered why the police hadn't taken an interest in sugar before. This is Captain Haak, Lieutenant." He nodded toward the giant. "Lieutenant . . ." he peered at the identification card.

"Malone," the operator prompted, and Haak offered him a hand as big and hard as a maul.

"Lieutenant Malone's a policeman," Major Orcott explained, handing back the card. "Captain Haak is a Hollander. Holland Dutch. He's got a ship over there at that wharf."

"A schooner," Haak corrected him. "No ship, just a little schooner. You are a policeman?" He spoke slowly, with a round, deep precision, searching for the English words.

"The captain's got a small cargo of sugar on his hands and thought I might like to buy it. Can you imagine me buying sugar? For the Army? Imagine me buying anything for that matter!" He smiled intimately at Malone, suggesting a humor in the situation that any American would see, even if the Dutch captain could not. "Captain Haak can't understand that a major in the service of supply is just a glorified shipping clerk."

"Oh?" The Hollander turned his head slowly, as if he feared he would jar off his hat. He stared, evidently puzzled, at Orcott, then at Malone. "Oh?"

"I've explained that I can't buy anything. Such things have to be taken up with the R. R. & C. . . . Requisitions department, Captain Haak. But you'd have small chance even there. Our sugar's so cheap, compared with market prices, that a cargo from the East Indies can't sell in competition. So I guess the deal's off, Captain. You might come back this afternoon, though. Maybe I can think of something to help you by that time."

Haak removed his hat carefully with both hands and bowed. Without further words, but with an unfriendly stare for both Americans, he departed by the outer door. Major Orcott shrugged.

"You meet a lot of funny ones," he said. "And now," he sighed, "about these sugar thefts."

He confessed that he had done all he could.

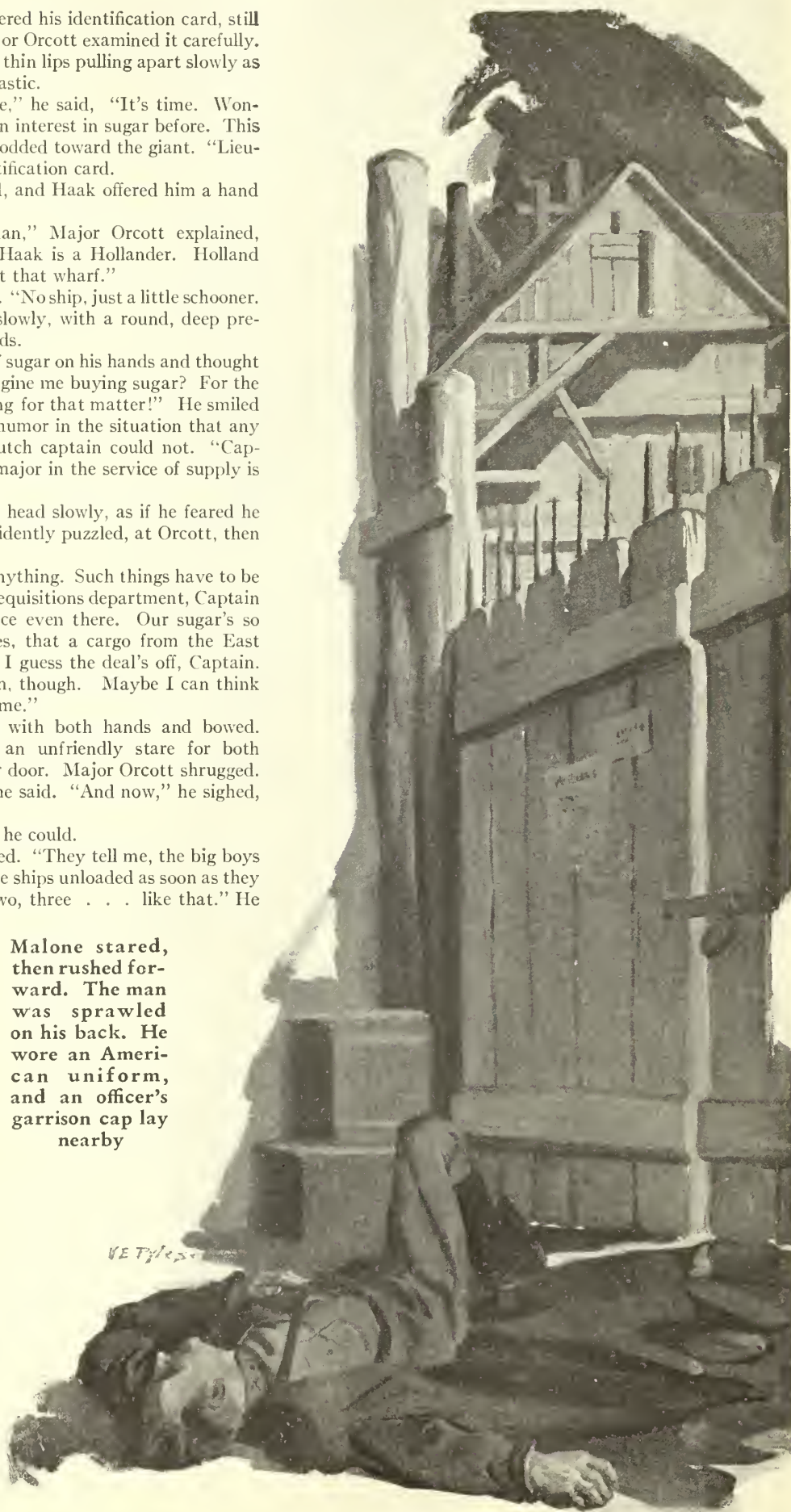
"And gotten nowhere," he admitted. "They tell me, the big boys up at Tours and Chaumont, to get the ships unloaded as soon as they tie up. I empty 'em . . . one, two, three . . . like that." He forgot to balance his glasses for a moment and they hopped to the blotter on his desk. "I've a gang waiting for each ship before it drops its lines over."

"Your own men?" Malone asked.

"I don't have any men of my own," the major explained. "No stevedores. Just the checkers and guard." He picked up the glasses and tapped the blotter with them nervously. "I have to send over to the labor battalions for men. Oh, I get them. All I want. There's a stevedore regiment, colored, and it's good. If they're too busy they give me a batch of crippled Frenchmen, and they're not so good. But we get the ship unloaded, and the cars filled, and we get them under way. Sealed. Every car out is sealed. I do that myself so there's no chance of a mistake."

He put his glasses back on his nose and looked at his wrist watch. "We'll have to talk this over at lunch," he invited. "I eat late. There's a decent little

Malone stared, then rushed forward. The man was sprawled on his back. He wore an American uniform, and an officer's garrison cap lay nearby

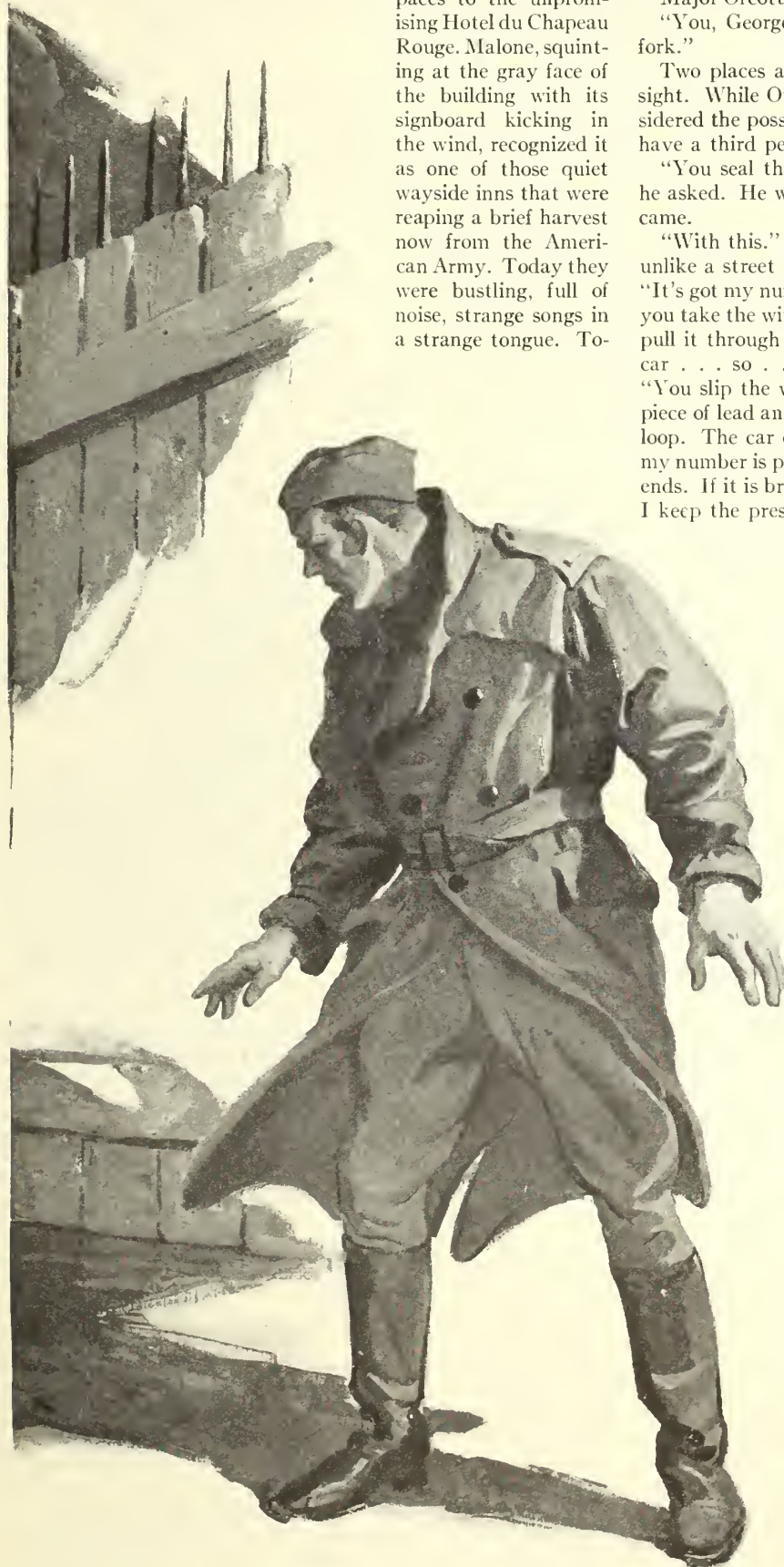


hotel right across the road. You'll be better with some food in your stomach."

Malone followed unwillingly. He had not meant to spend so much time on Major Orcott as a lunch would entail. But he was so accustomed to being greeted doubtfully by officers and men that he appreciated even a welcome, let alone hospitality.

The rain had fallen off, but a raucous wind romped up the Loire from the Atlantic as they stepped into the yard. It was

less than a hundred paces to the unpromising Hotel du Chapeau Rouge. Malone, squinting at the gray face of the building with its signboard kicking in the wind, recognized it as one of those quiet wayside inns that were reaping a brief harvest now from the American Army. Today they were bustling, full of noise, strange songs in a strange tongue. To-



morrow they would again be quiet wayside inns, and these wild days of prosperity and broken glass would be only a memory.

As they crossed the clean, rainwashed concrete Malone saw Sergeant Rudolph standing at the edge of the eastern basin, lazily watching the fleet of dirty little cargo boats at the French wharf. Malone knew what the sergeant was doing. He was not wasting his time; he was merely getting acquainted with the neighborhood. Geography, Rudolph always insisted, was more important than psychology in the detection of crime.

Major Orcott led the way to a table.

"You, Georges!" he called. "Let's have another napkin and fork."

Two places already were set, though no other guests were in sight. While Orcott hung up his cap and raincoat, Malone considered the possibilities. It would inconvenience him mightily to have a third person present at this discussion. They sat down.

"You seal the cars yourself, Major? With your own hand?" he asked. He would learn what he could before the third person came.

"With this." The major brought a small iron implement, not unlike a street car conductor's punch, from his breeches pocket. "It's got my number on it. Nine forty-nine. After the door's shut you take the wire this way . . . we use wire seals . . . and you pull it through the latch and through the eye in the side of the car . . . so . . ." he demonstrated with thumbs and forefingers. "You slip the wire through, catch the two ends together in the piece of lead and squeeze. Hard. There . . . It makes a perfect loop. The car can't be opened without breaking the wire. And my number is pressed on the lead seal that clamps to the two wire ends. If it is broken, it can't be resealed without this press. And I keep the press in my pocket."

Malone listened vacantly, his lips apart, jaw hanging slightly. It was not his first experience with car seals, yet for the moment he decided to give that impression. He asked:

"When's the next sugar train out?"

"Some time this evening. Between seven and eight. Can't say just the exact minute. There'll be three cars, hooked on the regular beef train from St. Nazaire. They send a switch engine into the warehouse after it when they come through here."

"Who do?"

"The railroad. French yardmaster. Soon as he takes it out he's responsible."

"No chance for him to make away with it after it leaves you?"

Orcott laughed again, thinly. "None in the world. Besides, he's all right. I've checked on him. Checked on every Frenchman and every American that has a look at the train."

"I'd like to see the cars," Malone decided, "before they go out."

Major Orcott agreed. "Certainly. As soon as we're through lunch."

"I've a lot to do, sir."

The other shrugged. "We all have, Lieutenant. It's one trouble with the war. I'm just waiting a minute for a friend. Fellow I play checkers with usually after lunch. Frenchman named Pelier."

Malone ordered butter. This was time lost, but there was nothing to do about it. He listened mildly while the major explained:

"He's a wine dealer; suppose we'd call him a broker in America. Has warehouses up the river half a mile. Just where that old siding runs down to the gravel pit. You must have passed it coming in."

"I did," Malone said. His mind, reaching back, began to reveal its skill. "It was raining, didn't look close, of course. Only noticed the horses. Big white ones hitched tandem they were, pulling carts." (Continued on page 48)

In 1919 The American Legion Declared That Its First Responsibility Would Be Care of the Disabled Service Man and His Dependents and

The LEGION *has* KEPT *Its* PLEDGE

By Ralph T. O'Neil,
National Commander of The American Legion

IN 1919, when The American Legion was one of some twenty-odd fledgeling societies of American World War veterans, its first responsibility and objective—relief for the wounded, the disabled and their dependents—immediately won the confidence and loyalty of the newly discharged soldier, sailor and marine. They joined with the group which brought the Legion into being in declaring that it could succeed in no direction if it failed its less fortunate comrades.

Adhering to this principle, the new organization at once instituted a searching investigation of conditions affecting the disabled and their dependents. Their care was then in charge of three independent government agencies, the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, the United States Public Health Service and the Federal Board for Vocational Training. The Legion discovered and disclosed a complete lack of co-operation among these agencies and the absence of competent understanding of many phases of the problems with which they had to deal.

The situation was appalling. The Legion found veterans suffering from wounds and ill with infirmities contracted in service who had taken refuge in almshouses and in jails, weary of being buffeted about by first one responsibility-dodging government agency and then another. There was no program for the future. Not one government-owned hospital bed had been provided aside from those in the war hospitals of temporary construction, which were being dismantled.

The Legion has been charged with assuming the role of dictator in that situation. Let that phrase stand. The Legion did bring about by the most direct means certain emergency measures of temporary relief while it was assembling a corps of notable experts whose knowledge and experience touched every phase of the subject of the physical and social rehabilitation of disabled men. It laid before the Government a program which in 1921, at the personal insistence of the President, resulted in the creation of the United States Veterans Bureau, consolidating under one head the functions hitherto scattered among the three independent and jealous government organizations. Mr. Harding urged Frederic W. Galbraith, Jr., then National Commander of the Legion, and more than any other single person responsible for the creation of the Veterans Bureau, to accept its directorship. He declined on the ground that to resign the Legion's leadership would be an avoidance of a greater responsibility. Before his term of office expired National Commander Galbraith was killed in an automobile accident.

The first director of the Veterans Bureau proved to be an unfortunate choice. The Legion was instrumental in bringing about his removal. He was succeeded by General Frank T. Hines, now Administrator of Veterans' Affairs, who for eight years has held one of the most responsible and burdensome posts in the Government. General Hines has bettered many of the conditions for-

merly existing in the gigantic Veterans Bureau and has been good enough to say that he believes he could not have done so without the co-operation of The American Legion. Mr. Coolidge, who gave much personal attention to Veterans Bureau affairs, has said the same.

The Legion has been frequently impatient at the slow pace of improvement but has always tried to understand the complexities of the problem from within and without the Bureau. It has never tried to pull down the structure bodily, because at least something was being done for some needy veteran every day. The Legion, however, feels that sufficient expedition does not now exist in effecting major betterments of service and thinks that its rehabilitation groups have to strive much too hard and argue much too frequently for rights of veterans which appear clear to the Legion. The Legion appreciates that in border-line cases there may be some right on both sides and in its zeal for the disabled tries not to forget the rights of the tax-paying public.

Just now the press reflects an organized movement to over-emphasize what has been awarded disabled veterans and to underemphasize their needs. Perhaps this has affected some of the recent decisions of the Bureau. It is difficult to serve an Administration which has faced a considerable deficit in its budget and to satisfy veterans' demands and requirements at the same time. On the whole the ratings of the Bureau have been liberal in spirit, though difficulty has been experienced lately in making this liberality effective in practice.

But that is where the Legion has always come into the situation.

THE war over? Ten years ago 26,879 American veterans were under hospital care. Today there is a total of 34,693. And tomorrow—

Its job is to see that intended benefits become available to the intended beneficiaries—veterans, their dependents, widows and orphans—approaching the Veterans Bureau in the role of petitioners who must prove their claims. Such proof involves complicated questions of law, of medicine and of fact. The Legion has established itself as the advocate of such petitioners. It represents their causes before the various officials and boards of the Veterans Bureau. The procedure is comparable to that of a court. Without such representation the average veteran or his dependents would be in a hopeless situation. To employ the legal and medical talent necessary would in the average case cost more than the claimant could afford to pay. The Legion, of course, renders this service without cost.

All of this has been a gradual development in the course of which the Legion has created a comprehensive national organization, reaching from every countryside in America directly to the



Photograph by Lazarnick

This disabled World War service man and 636 other veterans who fought in the Army and Navy are patients in Brooklyn Naval Hospital now, thirteen years after the war

office of General Hines in Washington. This is the National Rehabilitation Committee, with its co-operating units sustained by state Departments and local posts. The expenditures of the National Rehabilitation Committee represent the largest item, by far, in the budget of the national organization of the Legion. Last year it exceeded \$200,000, and this year's expenditure will be greater. No definite figures are available on rehabilitation by the state Departments and posts, but they greatly exceed those of the national organization. I would not attempt to calculate the value of gratuitous services rendered every day in the year, which in-

cludes the services of eminent surgical, medical, and legal specialists whom the Legion's prestige is able to enlist in behalf of some unfortunate who hasn't a dollar in his pocket.

The point by which contact is most often made with the applicant is the post service officer. Of the 10,000-odd posts of the Legion, about 7,000 maintain active service officers, some of them on pay. They are supplied with a very inclusive manual, a new edition of which will presently be distributed, with directions for handling the commonest forms of applications for information or relief. Most of these (Continued on page 63)

BUILDERS of A

Results of The American Legion Monthly

FIRST PRIZE, \$500

Alfred L. Adams, 7655 Bosworth Ave., Chicago, Illinois



A SUBLIME ACHIEVEMENT of our nation is our northern boundary, thirty-five hundred miles long, unfortified, yet unviolated for over a century.

The wars of the Revolution and 1812 left a tradition of national hatred better founded than any in Europe and we have had excellent opportunities for wars with Britain ever since.

However, by common sense, solving difficulties rather than "embracing dangers," we have maintained peace until it has become a habit, easy to follow, hard to break.

Today our northern boundary shines before the world, a unique demonstration of "peace on earth, good will toward men."

SECOND PRIZE, \$250

Rev. John D. Brush, First Universalist Church, Norwood, Mass.



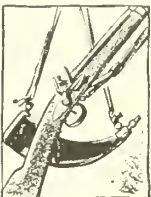
WHEN, in all history, has any people pushed a frontier two thousand miles long, back over three thousand miles of wilderness and left behind it the wealthiest, most unified, most closely knit civilization on the globe?

At the close of the Revolution, the United States consisted of three million souls squeezed into the crevices of a ragged Atlantic sea-line.

Today, three million square miles of savagery transformed into three million square miles of civilization in but little over a century. It had never been done before! It can never be done again! And it is your United States.

THIRD PRIZE, \$200

James E. Spitznas, Frostburg, Maryland



THE SECRETARY OF WAR and the Army officers were amazed. Selecting indiscriminately from ten piles of parts, Eli Whitney put together ten muskets. Thus the inventor of the cotton gin gave to America the idea of the standardization of parts, the principle which is at the bottom of all large scale production. The cotton gin foresaw the rise and fall of a kingdom, but the idea of

standardization foreshadowed richer living for the masses.

FOURTH PRIZE, \$150

R. K. Fessenden, 7101 Colonial Rd., Brooklyn, N. Y.



IN 1930 the nation achieved greatness through adversity. Plunged in one year from riches to privation—facing smokeless factories, unsold crops and breadlines—in a world reeling from famine and revolution, Americans tightened their belts, helped each other and carried on. We kept intact our greatest asset: the American Spirit. The force which drove the ragged Continentals to victory and animated the frontiersmen held their children steadfast. Going forward through the barrage of depression—that's achievement!

MEMORIES of great American deeds become immortalized as national traditions, and America is more than mindful of her national heroes. She honors not only those whose names resound in our history but also the hosts of the unsung heroes of science and commerce, education and exploration, and other fields of human achievement. The American Legion Monthly's Achievement Contest, offering prizes totaling \$2,000 to the thirty-six readers who would write the best one-hundred-word summaries on the subject "A Great American Achievement, and Why I Think It is Great" proved that, great and humble alike, our national heroes live on and on, the recollections of their deeds of yesterday inspiring the doers of today and those who will be the doers of tomorrow. The contest proved, furthermore, that America has lively recollections of those national accomplishments which are too great and too far-reaching to be associated only with the name of an individual.

The announcement of the contest appeared in the issue for July, which reached readers on June 25th. It was announced that the contest would end on July 10th. There were, therefore, only fifteen days for submitting entries. It was long enough. Exactly 2,198 manuscripts were sent in. Of these, 626 were written by women and 1,572 by men. They came from every

FIFTH PRIZE, \$100

Lloyd Wilcox, 2125 Peasley St., Columbus, Ohio

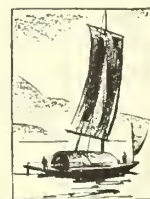


DR. JESSE W. LAZEAR, American Army surgeon, was sent to Cuba in 1900 on a commission to discover the cause and the carrier of yellow fever. He offered himself as the first volunteer to be bitten by the *Stegomyia Fasciata* mosquito. He contracted yellow fever in virulent form and died. By sacrificing his life, Dr. Lazear made possible the eradication of a disease that had scourged and terrorized America for centuries. This in turn made possible the building of the Panama Canal.

Dr. Lazear offered and gave his life that millions of Americans might live and prosper.

SIXTH PRIZE, \$50

Dudley Smith, 2211 Central Grove Ave., Toledo, Ohio



UNCLE SAM a "Dollar Grabber"? Nothing more false. After the Boxer Rebellion we were awarded twenty-four million dollars indemnity from China. Congress reduced it to thirteen million, and then told China she might use this sum to educate young men and women in America.

Four hundred students come each year to study. Individually, they return to China with grateful hearts. The great Chinese nation will never forget our friendly act.

It makes us prouder of the Stars and Stripes, for we stood alone among the powers in this unselfish concession. A great American achievement in international good will.

Better AMERICA

\$2,000 Achievement Contest

State, from the Canal Zone, Porto Rico, France and Alaska. California sent 167, pressing closely New York, with 171. Pennsylvania sent 140, Massachusetts 109. Texas sent 96, one more than either Ohio or Indiana. Other States were represented roughly according to population and Legion strength.

Alfred L. Adams, who won the main prize of \$500, lives in Chicago, but he is a member of Sanford Brown, Jr., Post of Kansas City, Missouri. The winner of the second prize of \$250, John D. Brush, is a minister, pastor of the First Universalist Church of Norwood, Massachusetts. Ohio is the only State to gain two of the major prizes—the fifth of \$100, the sixth of \$50—and leads all other States with six of the thirty-six awards. California is second with three awards. Eight States have two winners each—Illinois, Montana, New Jersey, Kansas, Indiana, Massachusetts, New York and Georgia. There are thirty prizes of \$25 each.

A surprising number chose as subjects the A. E. F. and The American Legion. Other most popular subjects included the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, the careers of Washington and Lincoln, Edison and the electric light, Charles A. Lindbergh's epic flight, McCormick's invention of the reaper, Horace Mann's public school efforts, and Benjamin Franklin's experiments with electricity and his career as a statesman.

\$25 PRIZE

C. B. Allman, Glen Easton, West Virginia



IN 1790 when Samuel Slater built the first cotton mill at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, little did he think that he was starting something that was changing the entire United States from hand to factory labor.

A change in the ways men do their work is called industrial revolution. The industrial revolution was far more outreaching than either the American or French Revolution. It so increased the quantities of goods that could be produced that millions were able to live where only thousands could live before.

\$25 PRIZE

Oscar C. Anderson, Grass Range, Montana



TO THE COMMON MAN and woman who have done their duty day by day as it has come to them, through the hard years following the great war the nation owes a debt of gratitude.

This man and woman have no special address and no particular calling or profession; but they are found in every nook and corner of our land.

There will be no monuments erected in memory of their deeds. In many cases their struggles will show no greater results than that of keeping the family together or the little home intact.

Yet these are the people the nation has always depended upon whenever a crisis came.

\$25 PRIZE

L. O. Caldwell, De Smet, South Dakota



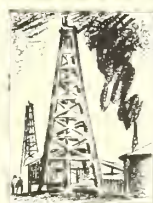
EVERY American knows about Lexington and Concord, but very few are aware of a much more important event which occurred in Lexington in 1830. For in 1830, Horace Mann established the first Normal School for training teachers in America.

Previous to this time, teachers were untrained as a general rule, and the common schools were very poor and inadequate. Indeed, they were very poor, judging by present standards.

But with this meager and unheralded beginning, the training of our teachers, and general efficiency of textbooks and schools began to improve, and the general estimate of teaching was raised in the mind of the public.

\$25 PRIZE

Ray Carroll, Box 637, Roundup, Montana



THE ANCIENTS in many lands knew petroleum. Internal combustion motors awaited some suitable explosive. America created the Petroleum Industry.

Colonel Edwin Drake found production at 69 feet. Seventy-two years later our drills are below 10,000. Rockefeller's, Coal Oil Johnnies, Leideckers, Forgies, financed, squandered, figured out the tools. The dry holes of the forlorn legion of wildcatters, with their "crooked oil stock," wrote geology. Aviation, the world awheel, highways, tractors, King Coal driven from the stockhold, all are substance of the physical marvel of all time, American in origin, the Petroleum Industry.

\$25 PRIZE

Denis F. Cashman, 402 Edgewood Ave., Dayton, Ohio



THE DREAMS of humanity from the mythological fable of Icarus to the twentieth century was to fly. The realization of this dream is the achievement of Wilbur and Orville Wright. By patient, tireless labor they laid the foundation for all the remarkable achievements of the modern airplane.

The airplane removed the obstacles of rivers, mountains and deserts, it conquered the Polar wastes and tropical jungles, it has helped outlaw war by bringing humanity closer together.

\$25 PRIZE

Willis Aleph Chrisman, 100 Stiles St., Elizabeth, New Jersey



THE SOUND CHARACTER, adverse circumstances and splendid achievement of Matthew Fontaine Maury endear him to us as fulfilling the American ideal. Having learned that navigating data were nonexistent, he utilized his position as developer of the Naval Observatory to prepare, with the cooperation of mariners everywhere, the first sea charts.

At a world conference for the standardization of nautical and meteorological data in 1853, this scientist of worthy manners and morals inspired unparalleled accomplish-

ment and good will. Aerial no less than marine navigation reflects his efforts.

Tomorrow, when nations must seek new aerial commerce, no man can justly appraise Maury's pioneering work in the field of aeronautics.

\$25 PRIZE

John Dodge Clark, 22 Berkeley Rd., Maplewood, New Jersey



ON APRIL 30, 1803, Napoleon declared, "I have given England a rival," and Robert Livingston stated, "Today the United States take their place among the powers of the first rank."

The occasion was the purchase of Louisiana Territory from France.

Despite the indifference and opposition of his own country—which was interested only in securing New Orleans to insure free commerce through the Mississippi—Livingston, our ambassador in France, had stressed the impossibility of France defending Louisiana against England and influenced Napoleon to abandon his plans for a colonial empire in America by ceding Louisiana to the United States.

\$25 PRIZE

Charles E. Forbes, Thomas, Oklahoma



IT is hard to realize that all patients had to suffer the pain of knife or saw until 1846, when an American surgeon in an American hospital demonstrated to the world that it is possible to produce anaesthesia from pain. To Dr. Crawford W. Long who used ether in 1842 but did not demonstrate it to the world, to Dr. Horace Wells, a Connecticut dentist who produced anaesthesia with nitrous oxide gas in

1844, and to Dr. C. T. Jackson who demonstrated in a surgical operation in 1846 that complete anaesthesia was possible we owe an everlasting debt of gratitude.

\$25 PRIZE

Kenney L. Ford, 1516 Leavenworth St., Manhattan, Kansas



CONGRESS PASSED and Abraham Lincoln signed the Morrill Act on July 2, 1862. This act provided for the allotment of public land to each State for the establishment of a distinctly new American type college. The Land Grant state colleges offer to every citizen a liberal and practical education, including military science and tactics. Graduates of these colleges have aided in the development and

defense of our nation. The provision for the training of boys and girls who come from the farm, town, and city homes for the leadership and service to our country is a great American achievement.

\$25 PRIZE

James A. Fort, Americus, Georgia



WOODROW WILSON'S efforts to reform our banking system materialized when he signed the Federal Reserve Act. That act changed an era. After Andrew Jackson smashed the Bank of the United States, control of the flow of money finally passed to Wall Street. Now the Federal Reserve is dominant. The United States is the financial center of the world. Business needs determine the flow of

money. Wall Street cannot cause a panic. The price is regulated; cheap money to encourage business, dear money to curb speculation.

In these troubled times the Federal Reserve System is a great constructive force.

\$25 PRIZE

Donald Francis, 10 Murray St., East Hartford, Connecticut



I'M a laundry driver—have a boss who treats his employes like his own family—was a platoon leader, he says.

Average dollar an hour, get vacation with pay, paid when sick. Had a rupture—wife had baby same time—boss visited us in hospital—eased our mental and financial worries.

His method: "You're going great, George—Snap into it, Leon—Fine work, Harvey—

Cockeyed again, Dick, skids for yours." His "human relations" ideas are now copied throughout city and State.

\$25 PRIZE

James R. Frazer, 225 Sixth Ave., La Grange, Illinois



ON SEPTEMBER 23, 1780, Major John Andre was captured by John Paulding, Joseph Williams and Isaac Van Wart when returning from a conference with Benedict Arnold to perfect the treasonable plan to surrender West Point. The papers were on his person. If these patriots had yielded to the temptation of offered bribes, Arnold would have undone everything gained when Burgoyne surrendered

at Saratoga; New England would have been separated from the other colonies and England would have defeated them in detail.

\$25 PRIZE

Mrs. J. J. Harris, 824 Cameron Ave., Youngstown, Ohio



THE DEVELOPMENT of the Automobile Industry—particularly of the moderate-priced family car, is one of the greatest American achievements. It has given us thousands of miles of improved roads, and has brought about development of centralized rural schools. It has given rural people access to distant markets and trading centers, and to cultural advantages and pleasures of nearby cities. It has given

city people a chance to spend happy hours in the open air of the countryside. It has saved time and labor for millions, and has brought pleasure that cannot be estimated in dollars and cents.

\$25 PRIZE

Joseph L. Hartman, 538 Brighton Ave., Toledo, Ohio



WILLARD GIBBS, Yale physicist, born Feb. 11, 1839, in New Haven, Connecticut, hid his light of achievement under the basket of modesty and gave to the world his Phase Rule which provided the foundation upon which iron and steel industries stand today. Application of his rule led to the discovery that by addition of minute quantities of carbon to iron, steel could be manufactured with

scientific exactness. Steel, used to span space and speed world advancement, was tendered to humanity through the genius of Gibbs.

\$25 PRIZE

Paul B. Ingersoll, 509 Jones St., Eveleth, Minnesota



THREE TIMES he prevented a division of the nation. Though Henry Clay is numbered but among the "also-rans," none has influenced more greatly the course of American nationality.

The three great compromises between North and South all bear the mark of Clay. That secession more devastating than that of 1860 did not occur ten years earlier must be especially credited to the efforts of the Great Compromiser. No maker of peace ever plotted more skillfully, pleaded more persuasively, nor succeeded more gloriously. Let us cease to prate that "secession was inevitable." Clay held it back for forty years.

\$25 PRIZE

Leo Krawetz, 16 West Delaware Ave., Toledo, Ohio



IN THE WORLD WAR America placed in battle-line in Europe two million men, 3,500 miles from home supply base. Across the Atlantic, whose sea-lanes were patrolled by enemy submarines.

Hannibal's expedition into Italy, Xerxes' attack on Greece, Genghis Khan's invasion of Europe, all previous movements of great armies, small in comparison. July, 1918, Paris

in danger. Then the Americans. November, the war over.

Greatest American achievement, for with this powerful land advocating justice between nations, no other country is likely again to violate that principle. International disputes should be settled without war. Universal peace must come.

\$25 PRIZE

Mrs. Joe D. McClellan, 231 East Abriendo, Pueblo, Colorado



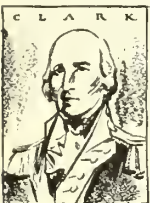
IN 1911, Cora Martin Stewart, Cowan County, Kentucky, opened the world's first school for adult illiterates. Our nation had five million illiterates then. The first night, twelve hundred adults were taught by volunteer teachers. This crusade swept adjacent counties, then States, gathering strength until it became a nation-wide campaign with offices in Washington, and Mrs. Stewart

national director. National organizations advanced the cause. In one year four States alone taught 240,070 illiterates.

Mrs. Stewart made the greatest contribution to advancement of human welfare by American woman. Great achievements besides health, wealth and happiness are expected from these minds freed from ignorance.

\$25 PRIZE

George R. McCormack, 318 North Fourth St., Vincennes, Indiana



THE MARCH of George Rogers Clark and his little band of intrepid frontiersmen across the flooded plain of Indiana and Illinois to capture, in face of almost insuperable obstacles, Old Vincennes from the British, February, 1779, marks one of the outstanding achievements in American history.

Viewed from the purely military standpoint Clark's accomplishment is relatively insignificant. Why then was it an outstanding achievement in American history? Because it made possible American expansion westward; and because it marked the inspiration of the characteristic American spirit—the spirit to carry on in face of difficulties and overcome all obstacles.

\$25 PRIZE

George H. McKee, 278 Twelfth St., N. E., Atlanta, Georgia



JEFFERSON, although President of the United States, preferred other services engraved on his monument. Among these: Author of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom.

This famous bill, which guarantees the freedom of conscience and relief of the people from supporting by taxation an established church, was considered by Jefferson as a great achievement. In 1786, when it was passed, no sovereign state in Christendom had formally committed itself to guaranteeing religious freedom to its citizens.

Received with the greatest applause, it was translated and circulated widely. Introduced in our Constitution through the First Amendment it has been adopted practically everywhere.

\$25 PRIZE

Stuart McKissick, Box 76, Vista, California



NOTHING has developed America's pre-eminence like transportation. Excepting steam, transportation has received no impetus comparable to the Erie Canal.

A statesman whose forbears were soldiers, patriots, dreamed expansion. He saw vast inland traffic flowing cheaply eastward. As canal commissioner Congress denied him aid.

From 1810 to 1824 he fought prejudice, animosity. Van Buren and Tammany ousted him as commissioner. But New York State, loving De Witt Clinton, overwhelmingly re-elected him Governor. In October, 1825, he presided triumphantly at the canal's opening.

Railroads pushing up river, and westerly from New England, met the canal at Albany. American transportation had been born.

\$25 PRIZE

Edwin C. McReynolds, Box 74, Coffeyville, Kansas



AMONG the great American achievements there is one which is likely to be overlooked because it is so enormous, and because its fulfillment has extended through the entire period of our national history. This great accomplishment is simply the physical occupation of the most desirable portion of the North American continent. The nearest approach to this expansion in the history of

the world was the growth of the Roman state. Had Rome made her great development in one century, instead of six, and had she added northern Europe to her territories, the parallel would be complete.

\$25 PRIZE

M. E. Mushlitz, 125 South McMillan Ave., Ventura, California

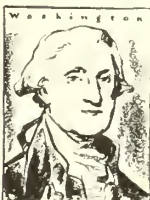


THE MONROE DOCTRINE is the Magna Charta of the Americas. It freed the Western Hemisphere from political interference from the rest of the world. Beginning as a warning of "hands off" in 1823, it raised the United States to a policeman of the high seas under Roosevelt, and protected our weaker sister nations to the south.

Yet the author and power in formulating this great American policy remains unsung. John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, conceived and through his diplomacy formulated this great masterpiece which was named after Mr. Monroe, who was then President.

\$25 PRIZE

Miss Marian Scanlan, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin



ACTING with limited authority, under conflicting instructions from the disunited States they represented, fifty-five American leaders struggled behind closed doors through four months of sweltering Philadelphia summer—debating, compromising, defeating repeated motions for adjournment, building thought by thought and word by word an unparalleled document.

The patience of Washington who presided, the keen intellect of Madison, the facile pen of Gouverneur Morris, the vibrant eloquence of the young Hamilton, the sobering wisdom of the old Franklin—these were dramatic elements which brought about the completion of the Constitution of the United States and furnished us our organic law.

It brought solidarity out of chaos and gave the new nation a strong foundation on which to grow. (Continued on page 46)

WELCOME *to* OUR CITY

By Henry T. Ewald



WHEN Detroit is mentioned one thinks of automobiles, of the most meteoric growth in the annals of American cities, of a virile, young man's town. Yet Detroit has a further distinction which she treasures beyond many of those commonly attributed to her and perhaps more extensively publicized.

As early as two decades ago, with her population only one-fourth that of today, Detroit won justly deserved recognition as a convention city. This reputation grew as fast as the city itself, for her experience as a host and her facilities for handling conventions expanded with every widening of her boundaries. Today, Detroit ranks with the great cities of the world as a mecca for those seeking the best in hospitality and diversion.

Two things contribute to Detroit's unique position as a favored city for conventions—her physical attributes and the character of her people. While centuries old, Detroit is essentially a new town, a vital, energetic place, her pulse keyed to the throb of an industry which put America on wheels and startled the world by its growth. Her people are young, vigorous, attracted to the town for the most part within recent years. They know the art of ready fellowship; they know how to make the stranger feel at home, for they themselves were strangers too recently to forget.

There is an easy camaraderie about these people which every Legionnaire will like. They are too new to the town to be steeped in hide-bound tradition. The brass hat and stuffed shirt went out with the horse and buggy when the automobile came in. Detroiters are cosmopolitan rather than local. Just as their industries thrive on new developments, so are Detroiters constant-

The commercial and architectural twin of downtown Manhattan looms above the shoreline of the Detroit River where Cadillac built his stockade as the key to a new empire 230 years ago

on the alert for the unconventional, the unusual, in entertainment. They are as apt at throwing bigger and better conventions as at building bigger and better automobiles. They know how to be a good host, how to do things on the grand scale.

To understand the temper of Detroiters, and the welcome they will extend to Legionnaires, it is only necessary to look back to

the city's record in the World War. During every Liberty Loan drive Detroit was the first major city in the country to obtain its quota. Its people went after that quota with the same aggressive tactics they use to introduce a new automobile. Intensive campaigns backed by extensive advertising aroused a patriotic spirit which not only put the loan drives across, but helped sell the country on the war. This spirit was reflected in the high percentage of enlistments from Detroit and Michigan.

A strong feeling of nationalism and patriotism is a heritage of the town. More than two centuries ago Detroit was the outpost of a widening American frontier, a small cluster of huts on the Detroit River bank. Frequent skirmishes between the French and the British for control kept the settlers in a constant state of turmoil, and periodic Indian depredations added to the general excitement.

The thrill of that excitement lingers in the air even today, though it is excitement inspired by warlike competition in a keenly competitive industry rather than by Chief Pontiac's war whoops. Today, skyscrapers rise from ground where Indian legends grew. Today in many parts of the downtown district feeble buildings marked by historical tablets rub flanks with modern structures of steel and concrete.

Detroit Is Essentially a New Town, a Vital, Energetic Place, Her Pulse Keyed to the Throb of an Industry Which Put America on Wheels and Startled the World by Its Growth. Her People Know the Art of Ready Fellowship; They Know How to Make the Stranger Feel at Home, for They Themselves Were Strangers Too Recently to Forget

This quaint blending of the old and new lends a charm to the town which visitors find enchanting. It has been a factor in attracting hundreds of previous conventions which earned Detroit the right to the title "The Convention City."

A more important factor, however, has been the attitude of Detroit toward conventions. The city learned years ago that conventions bring business. By that I do not mean the temporary spurt in trade experienced by shopkeepers and hotelmen. I mean the permanent benefits resulting from new plants and new industries established in the city by men who visited it for the first time during a convention, and were so favorably impressed that they made permanent investments here. Such results have taught the city the value of being a considerate and genial host.

While Detroit has entertained many conventions before, and has staged many patriotic demonstrations, she has never experienced anything on the elaborate scale of the big parade of Legionnaires. It will be virtually America on parade. The cotton-grower from the South, the Kansas farmer, the Montana sheep-herder, the orange grower from California, the millhand from New England, the Wall Street broker and the Mid-Eastern miner all will respond to the magnetic pull of the convention and its side lines.

Detroit senses keenly her responsibility for showing the best possible time to every Legionnaire who attends. The city is proud of the rôle of host. By drawing on her wide experience with previous conventions, and planning everything on a grander scale than ever before, she will be ready to meet and greet the great army of Legionnaires in September.

Being a new city, Detroit is anything but conservative. It delights in doing the unusual and unexpected. Many members of the committees of business men who planned and handled the receptions to returning soldiers and the Red Arrow Division are now working with the committees of the Legion convention. Entertainment of an original type will

be provided during every minute of every Legionnaire's stay here.

Detroit was, I believe, the first major city to attempt open-air dancing. I also believe it was the first to attempt to give every convention visitor a ride in a motor vehicle as soon as he arrives. There will be thousands of private cars carrying windshield stickers inviting members of the Legion and their guests for tours around the city and on the superhighways just outside the town, where five lanes of traffic move in either direction, unhampered by speed limits.

Our Woman's Auxiliary of the Red Cross, which I believe was the most efficient in the country, will be organized to see that every possible comfort and convenience, and the best of entertainment, are afforded the wives or sweethearts of those attending.

From the standpoint of physical equipment, the city is admirably prepared to make every Legionnaire's stay pleasant and memorable. Hotels and housing facilities are adequate, and adequately planned for in advance. The streets, widened for motor traffic, are ideal for the big parade. The combined seating capacity of assembly halls in the town is greater than in any other city in the country. Transportation facilities range from air to water.

By way of entertainment beyond that planned for by the committees, Detroit offers everything but mountain climbing. For those who like water and water sports, there is the Detroit River, linking two of the Great Lakes. Craft available on it range from rowboats to steamers the size of ocean-going liners. In the middle of the river, almost opposite downtown Detroit, is Belle Isle, largest island playground in the world. Above and beneath the river, placing downtown Detroit within a few minutes of Windsor and Canada, are the newly completed tunnel, the Ambassador Bridge arching high enough above the water to allow ocean liners to pass beneath, and ferries which provide the world's only boat trip abroad for a nickel.

Giant automobile (Continued on page 48)

From Detroit to the British Empire in three minutes. The Ambassador Bridge is so high that tomorrow's ocean liners may follow the Detroit River to Lake Huron without so much as scraping a mast top



The War We Lost By PACIFISM

By Rupert Hughes

WE HAVE been led to believe—by people who have been led to believe—that pacifism and disarmament have never been tried, but would work wonders for peace if only we could be brought to give them a chance. We did try them—we tried them for years. And the result was eventually a war which we ought to have fought long before or not at all; which, when we finally fought it, we fought on false grounds at the worst of all possible times; and which at last we lost, incurring appalling disgrace, and coming within an inch of utter ruination, secession, permanent disaster and dissolution of the Union.

Owing to our curious methods of teaching history to our children and the habit most of us have of never reading any history after we drop the childish textbooks, our people are almost universally convinced of the fact that we never lost a war. As a young man I gloried in the pride of belonging to a nation that always won. I still glory in the lucky accident of being a citizen of the United States, but I do not glory in my country's shames, not the least of which is the vast amount of lying fable with which we have poisoned our young and distorted the reason of our elders.

Only recently did I come to realize that we actually did try disarmament for many years, and in the beautiful name of peace groveled before foreign countries till we could endure no more and declared a war that half the country opposed as a crime and tried to thwart. We were horribly defeated, humiliated and confused, and at the end were glad to accept a treaty in which the causes that drove us to war were not even mentioned. We were glad enough to accept any terms lest utter destruction befall us.

Though many passionate zealots will doubtless denounce these statements as offensive to true patriotism, it seems to me to be false patriotism, and indeed nothing short of treason, to teach Americans that we won the War of 1812. I cannot understand the sort of blustering jingo-mania that must bolster itself on falsehood and suppression of fact. In the War of 1812 we won a few land battles, including one great victory after the treaty was

signed; we gained a few brilliant naval victories at the start, though even these were won when our few big ships met inferior enemy forces; our privateers played havoc with British commerce. Otherwise, the story was altogether humiliating.

Nobody would accuse Theodore Roosevelt of lacking patriotism, yet his history of "The Naval War of 1812" is one of the most sickening confessions of defeat ever written, and it is documented beyond dispute. Henry Adams was the great grandson of President John Adams, and the grandson of President John Quincy Adams. His "History of the United States During the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison" covers this neglected period with grueling frankness and should be read by every sincere American. It has recently been reprinted in four handy volumes.

When I say that we practiced disarmament I should admit that we had a few great ships left over from an earlier period, but I don't know what I should admit about the gunboats that were built during the period of brotherly love and forbearance.

*Cartoons by
John Cassel*



"The American ship *Warship* was not ready for battle. Chicken coops were piled on the guns. So it was riddled and wrecked, the flag was hauled down, and the British carried off four sailors"

Gunboats were built, and this looks warlike, but they were so built that on the appearance of the enemy they could be drawn up in the shallow rivers where hostile ships could not reach them! I don't know any word comic enough for such a policy. And the farce is very, very close to tears of shame.

Incidentally, our capital city was within such easy reach of the British blockader that the Departments were packed up for instant flight, and when the British finally landed they captured Washington with disgusting

ease, while President Madison fled, carrying off a portrait of George Washington, and leaving the British to burn and pillage as they pleased.

I revere, with many qualifications, the memory of Thomas Jefferson, to whom the world owes so much of its best principles—an official of the Irish Free State recently credited him with the final freedom of Ireland. But he committed many sins against

common sense, and saw his policies collapse before the malice of events after he had gained and held power long enough to give a complete demonstration that his principle of defenselessness was impracticable and disastrous.

George Washington was as strongly opposed to mixing in European entanglements as Jefferson ever was, but Washington believed that the way to keep free of entanglements is to be equipped for throwing them off or cutting a way out. He believed in keeping peace by being ready for war. In other words, like practically all of us who are slandered as militarists and fire eaters and lovers of gore, he loved Peace so well that he wanted to be strong enough to protect her when she was threatened.

The pacifists can never be made to understand the honest innocence and peacefulness of the believers in preparedness; our arguments only drive them to such violence that even if there were never any other causes for war, we preparationists would have to rally in self-defense to keep the bloodthirsty pacifists from annihilating us. For you must have noticed that one good, ardent pacifist can start more trouble and scatter more vitriol than a hundred old soldiers.

If our schoolchildren were taught a little more truth about our past, we could face our present and our future a little more sanely. As it is now, if you want to be denounced as an enemy of your country, try to pull down a little of the falsehood about our history and ask attention to what really happened, who our heroes really were, and what they actually did. I myself, though proclaiming that George Washington was the greatest man that ever lived and the purest and most useful patriot in history, have been denounced as a debunker and a slanderer because I have tried to tear away the pompous lies that have been built up to conceal the real man and his times, and have tried to show in his own words what he really was and did.

So when I say that in the War of 1812 we were licked to hell-and-gone, and that our flag was dragged as deep in the dirt as

ever a flag was dragged, and that only by shameful surrenders in the nick of time were we saved from devastation and disintegration I expect to be greeted with the frenzied slanders of those who will do almost anything except learn the truth and speak it.

Many loud-voiced people all too plainly believe that the way to prove their patriotism is to shout down facts and make knowledge odious, but I believe that a truer way to prove my love

**"One good, ardent pacifist
can start more trouble and
scatter more vitriol than
a hundred old soldiers"**



for my native land is to do my best to learn and utter only the honest truth concerning its history.

It is of the most vital importance that a country's mistakes should be recorded, studied and published so that their repetition may be avoided. It is of the most vital bearing on the question of disarmament and unpreparedness that we should study the results of such policies in the past.

First of all, we must not allow the pacifists to get away either with murder or with innocence. When they say that they are trying to save human lives, we have a right to call to mind the myriads of American lives that have been sacrificed by pacifism and unpreparedness. I do not speak of the fact that if we had been ready to enter the World War when we declared our intention to enter it, we could have saved actually millions of European soldiers from death and trillions of property. What are European lives and money to us?

But is it impertinent to point to the thousands of American lives that would have been saved, the tens of thousands of wounds that would have been escaped, had we been ready for war?

During the World War, according to the statistics of the United States War Department as revised June 30, 1928, Russia lost 1,700,000 lives, had 4,950,000 wounded and lost 2,500,000 prisoners; the British lost 908,371 lives, had 2,090,212 wounded and lost 191,652 prisoners; France lost 1,357,000 lives, 4,266,000 wounded and 537,000 prisoners; Italy, (Continued on page 38)



When MR. BAKER MADE WAR

By Frederick Palmer

RETURNING now to the period of Pershing's gloomy cable of June 10th, when the people were leaving Paris and preparations were being made for its official evacuation, the threat that formed the shadow of this eventuality was in the coming fourth German offensive. Foch held his divisions in reserve as he waited for the blow. It came promptly and its purpose was to unlock the second door to Paris, which had been opened by the third offensive, by a drive along the line from Noyon to Montdidier. This time Ludendorff did not catch Foch napping. The French master of tactics displayed all his cunning against the German master. His French veterans rose to the occasion with all the spirit they had, when young to the war, in answer to Joffre's call in the first Marne. German gains for Ludendorff's purpose were negligible. Paris was safe. Parisians who had been in flight might return; and the danger which had prompted the orders in preparation for evacuation now appeared as a nightmare long past in the swift drama of war.

leaving them no alternative but retreat. By June 22d Venice was as safe as Paris. An army in success does not think in terms of dropping out of the war. Italy might begin to dream of her goal of Trieste again.

JUST a few days more than a year after the first American contingent had landed at St. Nazaire, Baker was guilty of infringing military secrecy without receiving a protest from Pershing, who had earnestly desired that we should not reveal the number of our troops in France. On July 6th he was writing to Pershing:

"On the first of July I wrote the President that 1,019,000 men had embarked from the United States for France. There had been so much speculation about numbers that it seemed necessary to be frank and tell the facts. The American people are accustomed to demanding the facts and there was some impatience manifested with the Department for its continued policy of



Apprehension, which had so long kept casting Allied thought to another quarter, was dismissed by a companion success, when the Central Empires had planned companion disasters for the Allies. On June 15th the Austrians had begun a great offensive against the Italians. One wing of it broke down; the other put one hundred thousand men across the Piave. Providence was on the side of the Italians in unprecedentedly heavy rains, which made the shallow river a torrent. This bore down from the hills lumbermen's log rafts, severing many of the Austrians' bridges and

Secretary Baker, General Gorgas and other officers and civilians take part in an abandon ship drill on the Secretary's second trip to France, which came to a close as American soldiers were helping to produce the knockout in the Meuse-Argonne offensive

silence on this subject. I realized when I made the statement that in all likelihood I should have to discontinue further reference to numbers, at least further specific references. The Germans, French, and British of course make no such announcements,

and our Allies will not like to have us adopting a different course. . . . Still, if the rate of shipment which we have maintained for the last two or three months can be kept up for another six months, I am not very sure that exact news carried to Germany of the arrival of Americans in France might not be helpful to us.



In the home camps where more than two million men were in training for the job of a twice-as-large A. E. F. of 1919 the Commission on Training Camp Activities provided all sorts of recreation for hours after drill. This recreation hut scene is at Camp Grant, Illinois

rather than harmful. The German government cannot fail to be impressed by this steady stream of fresh soldiers to the Western Front."

But Colonel Harvey was not satisfied. He was writing in his *Harvey's Weekly*, "Transpose the letters in BAKER and you have BRAKE—and that is what our pacifist Secretary of War has been from the beginning of the great conflict, both before and after we engaged in it, and what he is today. We can not bear in mind a single contribution made by him to winning the war. . . . Anything, anything for an excuse for doing nothing."

For July 4th our people had the formal announcement of the one million men in France, in place of fireworks which were a waste of manufacturing power when every available resource must be employed for munitions and supplies. It was not Colonel Harvey but the *Deutsche Tageszeitung* which wrote, after the disappointment of the failure of the fourth German offensive and of the Austrian offensive: "Today, on the anniversary of the American day of Independence the Entente will fill the world with resounding phrases of their [American] help. America herself will produce a world of bluff in the form of phrases, threats and assertions—all bluff, pure bluff celebrated in Paris by reviews." Ludendorff knew that time was now against him, and any disparagement of our effort might aid morale for his fifth, which was to be his final offensive, while other German papers were boasting of submarine successes and saying that the Americans could not swim or fly and therefore our mob of conscripts herded on transports would never reach France.

THERE was a lull, another ominous lull, in the general action after the failure of the fourth German offensive, as the Allies glowered at the military insult of the provocative Marne

salient, with its flanks inviting attack, which had been made in the Allied lines by the third German offensive. In that lull Harbord's brigade of the Second had had the stage not only at home but place in the British and French press and in talk along the

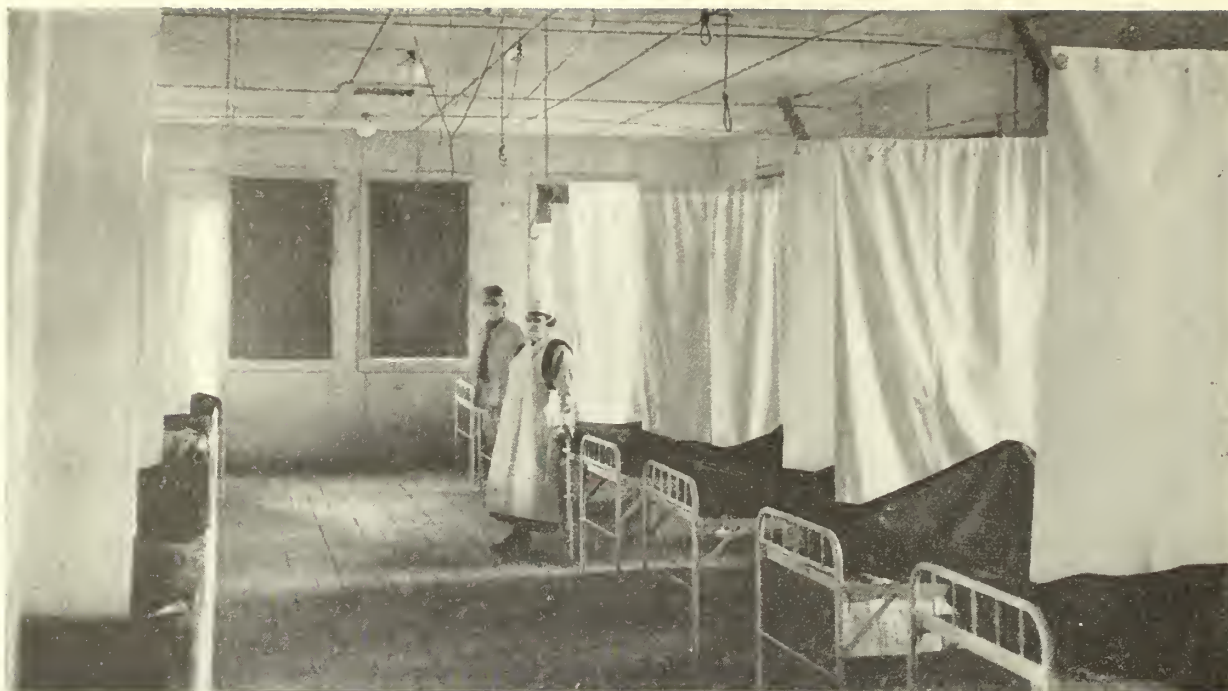
line. Then on July 1st the other brigade of the Second, on the right of the Paris road, had its turn in a technically brilliant and perfect operation which took the village of Vaux.

After the convincing proof of the fighting spirit and quality of our divisions that had been already engaged, Foch was bringing recent arrivals among our divisions to the Marne salient, instead of sending them to the American sector to relieve French divisions on a quiet front. So we were away from the terminus of our own line of communications which we had been building up to care for our Army in the expectation that it would operate in Lorraine. Given the emergency, the way was found to switch our supply system out of the regular channels and keep our men rationed. They were not having candy or apple pie, but they were not going hungry.

Jumped from the comparative comforts of the cantonments across three thousand miles of sea in transports that were crammed beyond all precedent, our Americans were seeing France as the



"He may turn his back on America," was the wording under this London Bystander cartoon of the Kaiser, "but the force is there just the same." It was, but not in airplanes such as these



pawns of Foch's disposition of his rapidly growing army. Every week brought him two more of the big American divisions, whose soldiers saw nothing of those American railroad cars which were on our lines of communications. They traveled in the little French railroad cars which were for forty men or eight horses; and "home" was where they were billeted. The adventure was on in earnest for what was so generally a war of movement for our army in France. In the *Stars and Stripes*, the army newspaper, they read the news from home and local items about their American world in France.

On July 15th came the fifth German offensive striking along a line from the base of the Marne salient to east of Rheims. Three American divisions had the opportunity of facing it at crucial points. The 42d on its way to the salient, after a restless month in further training which had not staled it, was in against the full impact of the blow east of Rheims as a part of Gouraud's army which shattered German hopes in that direction, and just east of Château-Thierry the Third had won its sobriquet "the Rock of the Marne" as it drove the Germans, who had made a lodgment on the south bank, back across the river; and on the right of the Third parts of the 28th which had been only two months in France were in close quarters action, sharing the honor of the enemy's repulse.

So the fifth German offensive as well as the fourth had failed. This was reassuring to the War Department, which was calling four hundred thousand more men in the draft in July to fill the places of the departing divisions; but braver news which fulfilled Baker's wish that "these fresh, high-spirited men will be used at the earliest possible moment for offensive operations on a large scale" was to come on the heels of the collapse of the fifth German offensive. Again Foch had not been caught napping; and before the fifth German offensive struck in the hope of widening the salient, his plan to thrust at the neck of the salient in closing it was on the way to execution. It was the turn of the tide, although we did not quite recognize the fact at that time, when, as a part of Mangin's army, the First Division, under Major General Charles P. Summerall, and the Second under Harbord, who had been promoted to its command, behind the rolling barrage of their guns, which broke upon the enemy in surprise, made a race in superb rivalry, mindless of casualties. They sent columns of prisoners to the rear in that swift and ferocious business of the drive that was close to Soissons before sheer exhaustion called a halt for the survivors, as Ludendorff, in his alarm, rushed reinforcements to check the sudden reversal in the German situation.

During the summer and fall of 1918 a nation-wide epidemic of Spanish influenza threatened to disrupt both civilian and military efforts to get munitions and men to France. A hospital scene during the height of the epidemic showing how each bed was isolated from all others

Foch swiftly pressed the advantage with the 26th Division advancing from Belleau Wood, while the Third crossed the Marne and stormed the heights on the other side.

So Château-Thierry was to be associated with American arms in more than the stone-walling on the Paris road. Fresh divisions succeeded the exhausted divisions when there seemed no choice between them. When the Third, the 26th and 28th were worn down, the 42d and the Fourth, which had been with the British and two months in France, and the 32d which had been five months in France but less than two in a quiet sector, were conquering German machine-gun nests in the test of open battle, storming the heights of the Ourcq and working their way up the

valley of the Vesle. Yet another division, this time a National Army division, the 77th, which had been with the British and four months in France, was to know front line service in the Allied counter offensive that had closed the salient and taken Fismes by August 5th.

That most rigorous battle schooling, the facing of the real instead of the imaginary enemy, had been the better because it was so swift in pressing every advantage and overcoming resistance with repeated attacks. There were incidents of heroic persistence worthy of our best traditions.

Three days after the Marne salient was closed it was the turn of the British, on Monday, August 8th, for an immensely successful attack which further confirmed Baker's premonition of the effect of "a great offensive blow which drives them back and costs them losses both in men and material on a large scale." Ludendorff called August 8th "The Black Day" in his memoirs, for he knew that the morale of his army was breaking and the end could not be far off.

FOR the first time in four years the offensive was with the Allies. Thenceforth Germans must do the guessing and conform to the Allied initiative with defensive tactics. On August 8th a battalion of our 33d Division, which had been six weeks in France, happened to be in line for trench training with the Australians. They advanced in company with their veteran instructors in the same convincing manner as all our troops in active battle. The emergency, which constituted an exception in the President's orders to Pershing to keep his army together, was over. Now that the enemy was yielding, Foch would recover the element of surprise by swift alternating blows along the front; and our divisions for their part were on their way to strike an



all-American blow as the American Army in its own sector at St. Mihiel in the early days of September.

TO TAKE the places of the men we were sending to France a million men were called out from the draft lists in May, June and July.

Every man summoned was an able-bodied worker removed from the ranks of production to the ranks of consumption and, once he was in France, a drain of supplies across the ocean.

The larger the Army became, the heavier the burden of the war industries and the carriers, which increased in ratio to the Army's size, the more vital to them became the retention of their skilled employes and the stronger the appeals for class exemptions.

Each case should be settled on its merits by the boards. And sometimes the conscientious study of individual cases of exemption here took more of Baker's time than decisions in important matters of policy. Here is one that may have more direct human appeal than classifications of skilled labor. On June 22, 1918, Baker was writing to Postmaster General Burleson:

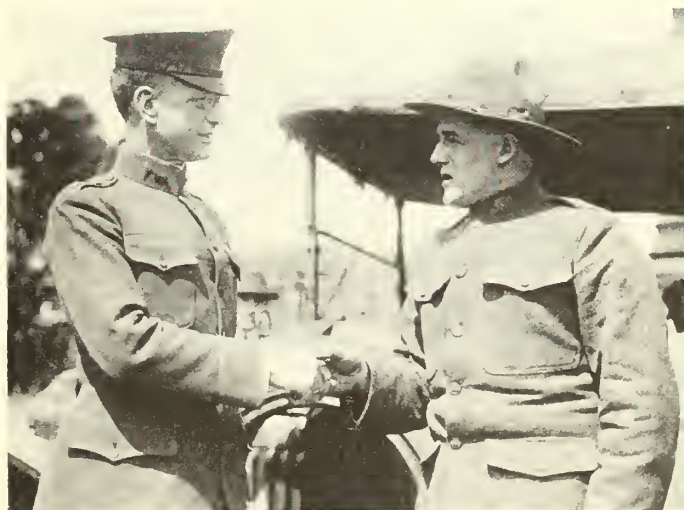
"I spent the night last night going over the full record in the — case. This morning I directed that young — be detached from his organization and retained in this country until his case can be finally disposed of. I also had a conference with Gregory about the case and went over the records which his office had on the subject, with the result that I am afraid I agree with Gregory, both on the law and facts. So far as the boy is concerned, it seems to me to be a plain case of a rather complicated, persistent and nearly successful plan to evade the draft. The boy really has not a leg to stand on, and with every prejudice in favor of the father, I think I would have decided the case on both grounds as the local boards did, and I am afraid

I am not going to be able to discharge the boy from the military service, even though he does succeed in getting cleared of the indictment which the Department of Justice has against him. I am saying all this because I think the best possible advice any friend could give the father is to let the boy stay in the military service, which would automatically result in a discontinuance of the indictment proceeding, and allay all the local feeling which appears to have been aroused about the case, and set the whole family straight."

But the draft regulations included a special provision to meet the demands of Hurley of the Shipping Board for skilled labor for ship building. As Baker wrote to the President:

"In view of the urgency of the shipbuilding program, I think it ought to be regarded as in a class by itself, and men ought to be furloughed to the Emergency Fleet Corporation almost without delay so that every man who can be used effectively in shipbuilding will be so employed. But if general class exemptions were entered into it would amount to distributing the exemption power practically away from the District Boards and into the hands of representatives of the great industries scattered all over the country and, therefore, not under the actual supervision and centralized control of those who here in Washington are responsible for their actions."

Shipping to get supplies to France must be the one exception. Extend the exceptions to the Fuel, Food, and Railway Administrations, as some Cabinet officers wished, and it would finally include clerks whom women



Surgeon General Merritte W. Ireland, U. S. A., shaking hands with a member of a record-breaking recruiting detail. The health of the Army in its far-flung bases from the Philippines to France was in General Ireland's hands

might replace. On August 28th, when we were at the "work or fight" stage, Baker was writing one of his longest letters to the President calling for no further extension of draft exemptions, which the President accepted.

IT WAS not enough that we put every soldier we could crowd on transports to France. We were even asked to send troops to Salonika. This we refused to do. Italy's appeal was finally granted by sending a regiment. And Russia? The Bolsheviks were now in patchy control of that vast land. Against them were the Czechs and other prisoners from the old provinces of the Austrian Empire who had formed a fragmentary army. Germany was filling her breadbasket from the Ukraine in Southern Russia. The fear was that she might become mistress of Russia. At Foch's request we sent small forces to Murmansk and Archangel in Northern Russia to save vast amounts of Allied war supplies and to co-operate with the Czechs against the Bolsheviks. Baker was opposed to scattering our forces, especially opposed to the Siberian venture. But political considerations and the Allies' desire ruled in the President's mind. The British and Japanese were going into Siberia. So we sent ten thousand men under Major General W. S. Graves in that farlung adventure to rescue the Czechs. And the Bolsheviks prevailed in Russia.

HERE again is another abrupt change of subject which has to do with that of the most deep-seated of the feelings of man or woman with reference to his superiors, of the citizen to his government, of the private soldier to his officers. The call for justice is as old as humanity. Baker said in a memorandum to General Crowder, December 28, 1917, "The administration of justice is a compromise between speed and certainty." In the war more than three million youths with no previous military training or experience of military laws were put under West Point discipline; the officers over them were generally as new to it as themselves. Some officers were bound to be weak, some too severe, some without a sense of steady equity in command, and all capable of errors owing to temperament and circumstances. But orders must be obeyed from corporal to general or there was debate instead of unity of action. When soldier or officer broke regulations it was a military court that tried him under martial law, and the methods of military courts had ever been subject to much criticism by civil lawyers.

This brings us to the famous cases of four soldiers sentenced to die. No good purpose can be served by giving their names. The sentences were concurred in by the division commander, the Commander-in-Chief in France, the Judge Advocate General and the Chief of Staff in Washington. In transmitting the cases Baker wrote to the President on May 18, 1918: "As I find myself reaching an entirely different conclusion, and disagreeing with the entire and authoritative military opinion in the cases, I beg leave to set out at some length the reasons which move me in the matter.

"The cases must be divided into two classes, and I will first deal with the two young men convicted of sleeping while on duty." These two cases, he found, were "substantially identical in their facts. The accusations were laid under the 86th Article of War, which reads: 'Any sentinel who is found . . . sleeping upon his post . . . shall, if the offense be committed in time of war, suffer death or such other punishment as a court martial may direct.'

"In both cases a corporal inspecting along a front line trench found these young men standing in the proper military position, leaning against the trench, with their rifles lying on the parapet of the trench within easy reach of their hands. Each man had his head resting on his arm, and his arm resting on the parapet. The offenses were committed, in the A— case on the night of November third and fourth, and in the B— case on or about the fifth of November. In both cases the testimony was exceedingly brief, and showed that the night was dark and cold, that the soldiers had their ponchos and other equipment on, and in one case it was a fair inference that the poncho was drawn over the ears and trench helmet in such a way as to make it difficult for the soldier to hear the approaching steps of the corporal. In each case the corporal had laid his own rifle upon the parapet, and took that of the soldier, carrying it away with him, and instructed the other sentinel, the men being posted in this outpost duty in twos, to shake the soldier and tell him to report to the corporal for his gun. In each case the corporal shamed the soldier for his neglect of duty, and pointed out to him the fact that not only his own life but those of others were at stake, and that he should be more zealous and alert. In neither case does either the corporal or the fellow-sentinel swear positively that the accused was asleep. I confess that on all reasonable grounds, taking the circumstances into consideration, it seems to me entirely likely that both men were asleep; but it is important to note that in neither case had the accused stepped away from his proper military post to sit down or lie down; both being found standing at their post of duty in what is admitted to have been a correct military position, and if they were asleep their heads literally nodded over on to their arms without any intentional relaxation of attention to their duty so far as can be gathered from any of the surrounding circumstances as furnished us.

"These soldiers are both young. A— enlisted into the Regular Army by volunteering on the 18th of April, 1917, having had no previous military experience, his age at that time being nineteen years and six months. He was, therefore, slightly more than twenty at the time of the alleged offense. B— enlisted on the 11th of May, 1917, without previous military experience, his age at that time being eighteen years and eleven months. He was, therefore, at the time of the alleged offense, slightly under twenty years of age.

"From the testimony it appears that both of these young men had been posted as sentinels doing what is called double sentry duty, going on duty at four P.M., and remaining on duty until six A.M., with relief at intervals by other sentinels during the night, but with no opportunity to sleep during the night because of there being no place where they could secure sleep. It further appeared that neither of them had slept during the day before, after having spent the previous night on gas sentinel duty, although both had tried to sleep during the day preceding the night of the alleged offenses but found it impossible because of the noise. In each case the commanding officer of the soldiers who forwarded the charges and recommended trials by general courts martial added to his endorsement as extenuating circumstances the youth and failure of the soldiers to take the necessary rest when off duty on the first occupation of trenches.

"It is difficult to picture to the eye which has not seen it the situation in which these young soldiers were placed. In the month of November the section of France in which these soldiers were stationed was cold, wet and uncomfortable in the extreme.



A wartime photograph of Walter S. Gifford, who served on the Council of National Defense and as secretary to the American section of the Inter-Allied Munitions Council. Seven years after the Armistice he became president of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company



Looking from Hattonchatel over the area captured by American troops advancing from the south face of the St. Mihiel salient. In the middle distance is Mont Sec which dominated the plains from within the former lines of the enemy

No sort of shelter of any comfortable kind could be provided near the trenches, because it attracts enemy observation and fire. Throughout one long night they performed duty as gas sentinels.

"During the next day, when they perhaps ought to have sought more rest than they did seek, they found it difficult to secure any sleep because of the noise and discomfort of their surroundings. As a consequence on the night of the alleged offenses they had reached the place at which exhausted nature apparently refused to go further, and without any intentional relaxation of vigilance on their parts they dozed in standing positions at their posts.

"I am quite aware of the gravity of this offense, and of the fact that the safety of others, perhaps the safety of an army and of a cause, may depend upon such disciplinary enforcement of this regulation as will prevent soldiers from sleeping on sentinel duty; and yet I cannot believe that youths of so little military experience, placed for the first time under circumstances so exhausting, can be held to deserve the death penalty, nor can I believe that discipline of the death sentence ought to be imposed in cases which do not involve a bad heart, or so flagrant a disregard of the welfare of others. . . .

"I venture, therefore, to believe that the President can with perfect safety to military discipline pardon these two young men; and I have prepared and attached hereto an order which, if it meets with your approval, will accomplish that purpose, and at the same time, I believe, upon its publication further stimulate the already fine spirit of our army in France. Such an order as I have here drawn would be read by every soldier in France and in the United States, and coming from the Commander-in-Chief

would be a challenge to the performance of duty, quite as stimulating as any disciplinary terror proceeding from the execution of these sentences." The President concurred in Baker's recommendation. Of the first two young men one was killed in action and the other was twice wounded and honorably discharged

after the Armistice. Two other young men given the death sentence for refusing to obey an order given in the theatre of war, at a place back of the actual line, had their sentences commuted to three years' confinement.

Soon after the President's decision in these cases Pershing asked that his power to enforce the death penalty be enlarged. To do this it would have been necessary to have Congress amend the Articles of War. Baker wrote the President he was against Pershing's proposal, but said he would lay the proposal before the appropriate committees of Congress if the President desired.

Again Mr. Wilson agreed with Baker.

"HE DOES get things done," as Baker said of the Chief of Staff when getting things done was the supreme need of the Allied cause. There was the March look and the March grin. After the look's probing rapier thrust of the man before him came the quick decision. Buts, ifs and ands were not in March's vocabulary; and the amenities which ease friction among men but take (Continued on page 53)

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON

September 24, 1917.

5524

My dear Mr. Foodick,-

I have your letter of September 22nd. The use of the French light wines by our soldiers must be regarded as a very minor evil in comparison with a great many things which we have to combat.

It seems incredible that any great amount of wine drinking should grow up among our men, but of course no sort of police regulations which we could enforce in France outside of the limits of our own camps, could reach the question.

It seems to me the only answer you can possibly make to the kind of letters to which you refer is that we are in the constructive steps of fighting the greater evils, and that this will be limited as far as our military power can reach.

In the meantime, I have ventured to hold out the hope to some of my correspondents on the subject that, before very long, you or some of your men would go to France and try to study the situation on the ground. I do not think this ought to be until after our camps here are settled down in good working order.

Cordially yours,

Woodrow Wilson
Secretary of War.

Mr. Raymond B. Foodick,
Committee on Training Camp Activities,
Washington, D.C.

SEP 25 1917

6 CEIVED

The Secretary refuses to consider the use of French light wines by the A. E. F. any more than a minor evil compared with other problems of the back areas

A Man In A MILLION

OUR school geographies tried to implant lastingly in our minds the fact that California has one thousand miles of coastline and the easier-to-remember fact that in area she is the second largest State. We learned that the big trees in the Sequoia National Forest have been growing since the time of Christ. We learned, too, all sorts of other curious things about her—a State so varied that snow storms and sun strokes may be incidents of the same day's news, a State rich with flower gardens and orange orchards and also the home of Death Valley which is the country's most prominent geographical bad example. So it goes—the President of the United States comes from California, and Will Rogers sends us daily communique from Hollywood.

It just had to happen, when The American Legion after eleven years of striving reached a million members, that California would be tied up with that fact in some way. This was the way: California received in the ordinary distribution of 1931 membership cards the card which bore the number 1,000,000. Frank E. Samuel, Assistant National Adjutant in charge of membership, discovering where Card No. 1,000,000 had gone, asked James K.

cisco's Commissioner of Public Works until Department Adjutant Fisk signed him up as a member of California Post No. 234 and gave him Membership Card No. 1,000,000.

Colonel Stanton served with General Pershing in the Philippines. During the World War he was Chief Paymaster of the A. E. F., a post in which he kept down the total cost of the war by getting hard-boiled when travel claims on a per mile basis made it seem that the A. E. F. had more than its quota of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingfords.

While membership card No. 1,000,000 is Colonel Stanton's, a Pittsburgh Legionnaire is actually the one millionth member by National Headquarters' way of figuring. The millionth card was received at National Headquarters in Indianapolis on July 3d, and in the regular count was card No. 684,709, bearing the name of Tell W. Nicolet, a new member of East Liberty Post of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Mr. Nicolet is a landscape architect and town planner, a member of the American Society of Landscape Architects and the Pittsburgh Rotary Club. For several years he has specialized in designing and constructing cemeteries and memorial parks. Two of his recent works are the Allegheny Memorial Park at Pittsburgh and the notable Washington Memorial

at Washington, D. C.

The man who said "Lafayette, we are here," becomes Legionnaire No. 1,000,000. Colonel Charles E. Stanton, San Francisco Commissioner of Public Works, is presented with Membership Card No. 1,000,000 by Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., National Executive Committeeman, in the presence of district and post leaders



Park at Washington, D. C.
Mr. Nicolet's card was one of 3,820 membership cards received at National Headquarters from the Department of Pennsylvania on July 3d. It was this consignment, bringing Pennsylvania's total enrolment up to 70,600, which put the Legion's national membership over the one million mark one day in advance of July 4th. By July 24th enrolment had risen to 1,019,172.

Fisk, California's Department Adjutant, to see that it was bestowed upon somebody as a signal honor.

The man chosen for the honor was a World War veteran whose fame was only exceeded by his modesty. He was Charles E. Stanton. He was the same Colonel Stanton, longtime friend of General John J. Pershing, who said, "Lafayette, we are here," simply and unmindful of the potential echo in his words, as he stood beside General Pershing in Picpus Cemetery in Paris on July 4, 1917. Those words were attributed to General Pershing and echoed around the world for many years before their true author became known generally. It was apparently the self-effacement which kept him so long unrevealed as the Paris Fourth of July orator which also kept him hidden as San Fran-

Like Finding It

ADD to the list of historic real estate bargains the transaction by which Alfred E. Babcock Post of Albany, Oregon, found itself in a \$32,000 home, free of debt, after spending only its pocket money.

"When the Oregon Electric Railroad abandoned one of its

No, this is not a fantasy of what we are heading for in this dizzy age. There is no trick about it! When Murray Hill Post of The American Legion in New York City hired a traveling carnival to put on a benefit bazar, the only vacant lot it could find happened to be on Second Avenue near Fortieth Street. So here the time-honored Ferris Wheel revolved against a modernist background of the world's dizziest skyscrapers



Photograph by Charles Phelps Cushing

two sets of tracks in Albany, a fine-appearing, brick-and-tile depot was left without a job," relates Legionnaire Wallace C. Eakin. "Babcock Post didn't have \$32,000 in its treasury and the money wasn't in sight, but the post felt Napoleonic when the railroad offered to sell the building for \$7,500, particularly so when the post of Spanish War veterans agreed to go into partnership with the Legion and the Civil War veterans gave their blessing to the project. But even \$7,500 is a lot of money. Somebody remembered, however, that Oregon has a law authorizing county courts to appropriate \$5,000 for a veterans' memorial building. When members of the Legion and the Spanish War outfit chipped in the remaining sum of \$2,500, the rainbow had come to stay.

"Today, therefore, Albany has its new Veterans Memorial Building, shining bright in a setting of flowers and shrubbery provided by the Albany Garden Club."

For the Town

ALBERT Harvey Fletcher Post of River Falls, Wisconsin, was proud of the clubhouse which its members had erected with their own hands in 1926. It was a long, one-story, fireproof building with a full basement, substantially built—just right for post meetings, dances and entertainments. Today the post in River

Falls is back in makeshift quarters. County Commander S. R. Morse explains why.

"The Chamber of Commerce and town council had long been trying to get a sizable industry for the town," relates Mr. Morse. "Finally an overall factory agreed to come to River Falls. But a suitable factory building couldn't be found. Then the post stepped in and voted to turn over its clubhouse for the factory at a very low rental. Today more than one hundred residents are working regularly in the overall factory. The city tendered a banquet to the post and held a parade to express appreciation."

Down along the Levee

CITIZENS of Memphis, Tennessee, rubbed their eyes. Had there been a railroad wreck? Or had the game of strip poker taken hold in Memphis, with everybody losing? The streets near Ellis Auditorium were full of queerly-garbed men and women—some chic in barrels, others wearing B. V. D.'s or pajamas of the Andrew Jackson era, still others adorned by overalls camouflaged by gay patches. It was only the night of Memphis Post's Poor Man's Ball, the one time of the year when the post appealed to citizens for money to carry on its many community activities. Six thousand tickets had been sold and post accountants, as the crowds gathered, were figuring net profit at more than \$4,000.





Inside the auditorium hard times were forgotten in good times. The dancers in barrels and B. V. D.'s eddied by a genuine old steamboat bar where lemonade and carbonated drinks were being handed out instead of the conventional three fingers of bourbon of the day when the bar's glory was real. A Chic Sale six-seater was also a part of the scenery.

John Ross was in charge of the ball but everybody did a hot job of working up interest in it and selling tickets. Legionnaire Ben James climbed a flagpole on top of the Claridge Hotel and stayed there three days until all tickets had been sold. A Legionnaire German band played on streets steadily for three days and nights. Dr. Selmar Burchart brought out his six-horse stagecoach to haul guests to the ball.

Last winter Memphis Post operated a wood yard which gave work to more than 200 men daily. The wood which the workers cut was given free to needy families or sold at \$6 a cord to provide funds for paying workers. At the same time the post was providing free meals for 2,273 families in their homes once each week and was distributing free clothing. The post also gave away an average of five carloads of coal each day, one-half ton to a family. Merchants donated sixty-five trucks for delivery of coal.

Missionaries of Work

"**F**RIENDS and neighbors" is a good phrase, but too often neighbors aren't friends, especially when one raises fancy vegetables and the other chickens. There are chronically plenty of reasons why Texas border towns and Mexican border towns find it hard to be consistently friends as well as neighbors, but in San Benito, Texas, it won't be so hard now, since Sam Jackson Post started to work for mutual international friendliness. The big feature of the post's effort was sending sixty boys of its town on a motor tour that covered 1,150 miles through Mexico. The boys had adventures aplenty and were treated royally by high officials of the Mexican Government and by Mexican citizens.

Sam A. Robertson, an engineer, member of Sam Jackson Post's school committee, says the boys were selected for the tour by a contest designed to impress upon pupils the dignity of labor, to encourage children of Indian-Spanish descent to learn to speak English and children of Anglo-Saxon parentage to learn to speak Spanish, and to equip San Benito boys to help in the fight to capture the five billion dollars' worth of Latin-American trade now going to other countries. Boys were offered special prizes for assiduously performing hard, disagreeable manual labor. Gold medal winners acted as water boys for dredging gangs and laborers in repairing farm machinery. They picked cotton and plowed for long hours. They did the hardest chores on dairy farms. The hardest workers also excelled in scholarship, it turned out.

To Save Insurance

NATIONAL Commander Ralph T. O'Neil has issued a statement urging that Congress extend the time on the present Five Year Level-Premium term insurance policies so that most of the 97,425 World War veterans now holding these policies will not have an intolerable financial burden imposed on them in July, 1932, the month in which under existing

law the policies will be converted automatically to permanent policies calling for much higher premium rates. Most of the men holding the Five Year Level-Premium policies got them in 1927, when the insurance law abolished the low-rate term insurance, in force since the war.

Holders of the term policies number one-sixth of the total of all holders of Government policies. The term policies have an average face value of \$6,800. Holders in July, 1932, will have an average age of forty-one years. The monthly premium on the five-year term policy at that age is eighty-seven cents a thousand, or \$71 a year on the average policy of \$6,800. An Ordinary Life policy of the same amount would require payment of an annual premium of \$171.

"The sudden increase of \$100 a year in the cost of life insurance would be a major calamity in many households," National Commander O'Neil stated. "Thousands of veterans would be forced to drop their insurance entirely or reduce materially the amount of insurance carried. It is true that under Section 310 of the insurance law a veteran if in good health may apply for and obtain any form of policy issued by the Government, but the issuance of such a policy depends upon the veteran's ability to pass an exacting medical examination. A veteran might allow his five-year term policy to lapse and apply for a new five-year term policy, only to learn that he had been rejected."

Golf for Everybody

"**T**HOSE who believe in golf for everybody, at a price within the reach of everybody, can take a leaf from the experience book of The American Legion Golf Club of Manhattan, Kansas, which started its second season with a membership fee of \$10 per family by increasing the course from nine to eighteen holes.

"Last year," continues R. I. Thackrey, "the post built a nine-hole golf course on the edge of the municipal airport, setting the membership fee at \$10 a family. The Manhattan Country Club had operated an 18-hole course for several years with a substantial membership, but the Legion course quickly proved there was a bigger demand for golf than even its most optimistic friends had believed. A total of 337 family memberships were sold the first season, with forty additional cards going to students at Kansas State College who joined only for a semester. This was in a city



of 10,000, with an old, established course serving many golfers.

"The post paid the rent on both the golf course and airport, bought mowing machines, hired two full-time attendants and finished the season with \$700 in the treasury. Greens fees were fifty cents on week days and seventy-five cents on Sundays. Cost of putting in the first nine holes was \$1,000 and the cost of adding nine additional holes was \$1,200."

Super-Service

AUTRESS Russell Post of Memphis, Tennessee, which had 1,020 members in June, is upholding in peacetime the conceptions of American citizenship which were demonstrated notably

on the battlefields of France by the 92d and 93d Divisions and by regiments of Negro engineers and other workers in the sea-ports of France and the A. E. F.'s big workshops. Legionnaire George W. Lee, recalling the battle victories and sacrifices of the Negro divisions and the Negro soldiers' service in unloading ships and assembling locomotives and freight cars, sends word that Autress Russell Post is doing work of comparable valor and importance today in the everyday life of its community.

earth by fighting men from Mars, but they are both fictioneers. The everyday scientific marvels of aviation and radio have made has-beens out of Monsieur Verne and Mr. Wells. Frinstance: Here's Commander B. W. Gearhart of the California Department who sends along matter-of-fact word that he began his administration by making a flight 10,000 feet above San Francisco's Golden Gate in a 36-passenger Fokker plane loaded with Legionnaires, the idea being to show that this is a speedy old world.



The atmosphere of Detroit's founding days will be recalled by the costumes of the convention hostesses, who represent the French towns the A. E. F. knew. Here they are shown with Legionnaire Wilber M. Brucker, Governor of Michigan, at the home of Legionnaire Frederick M. Alger, President of the Detroit national convention corporation

"This post has acted as the service station for Negroes of many States," writes Mr. Lee. "When the law increasing the loan value of adjusted compensation certificates was passed, this post assisted approximately 5,000 men to file their applications, employing the services of three stenographers and a corps of loyal Legionnaires. It procured loans totalling \$328,000. In addition, it assisted 114 men to file claims for disability compensation during the first three months of this year. During the past three years it obtained hospitalization for 500 men and filed 10,000 claims for insurance and adjusted compensation certificates. The post supplied \$250 to pay train fares for disabled men.

"The post sponsors an athletic club and its basketball team holds first place among the many teams of the community. The outfit established a bureau for the examination of delinquent children of the juvenile court and offers free medical and dental aid to these under-privileged and under-developed children.

"The post will go to Detroit as the largest post of its kind in the United States. Under the leadership of Dr. R. Q. Venson and Edward Sadler, the outfit is raising a fund of \$4,000 for its drum and bugle corps.

"The kindly attitude of Memphis Post, which was the world's largest Legion post several years ago and is each year a contender for that honor, has meant much for the growth and development of Autress Russell Post."

Hello, World

JULES VERNE was all right in his day and H. G. Wells is plausible when he writes stories about the conquest of this

SEPTEMBER, 1934

"Here, through the co-operation of the Postal Telegraph Company, the Mackay Radio, Commercial Cables and the Transcontinental-Western Air Co., I transmitted greetings to the Commanders of The American Legion at London, Paris, Rome, Shanghai, Manila, Honolulu, Guam, Buenos Aires and New York City," writes Mr. Gearhart. "While we were still in the air and within two hours of the time we left the ground, replies were received from the cities mentioned and from many ships far at sea. Post Commander Joseph A. Faas of Vimy Ridge Post bossed the show."

Truth versus Fiction

SHERLOCK HOLMES and Doctor Watson couldn't be called down from London to solve the possible murder mystery in Traverse City, Michigan, but Sheriff Walter Steimel of Leelanau County and Prosecutor Fitzpatrick did put in a call for Karl W. Detzer after 19-year-old Adam Bellinger had been (Continued on page 60)



ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND STRONG

And Detroit Will Re-Echo with
Who-Won-the-War Tales of Land and Sea

WITH more than a million veterans now in the ranks of the Legion, it is estimated conservatively that ten percent of them—a hundred thousand former nurses, soldiers, sailors, marines and yeomanettes—will converge on Detroit during the week of September 21st for the Thirteenth National Convention. Whether they arrive by ones, twos, autoloads, trainloads or boatloads, and whether they are delegates, with the serious business of the meeting before them, or members of the vast army of guests, each will have one thought uppermost in mind: How many of the old gang will be on hand to relive service days—ashore or afloat?

To insure just such happy get-togethers instead of leaving them to chance, more than fifty wartime outfits have made definite plans for reunions—which may take the form of luncheons, dinners, stags, boat trips or whatnot, with usually a more or less formal meeting thrown in for the good of the order. These special meetings occupy usually only a small part of one day so

they do not conflict with the general entertainment always provided by the host city.

Last calls for the Detroit reunions are listed toward the end of this department, but there is still time for other organizations to broadcast contemplated reunions if they will write to Raymond J. Kelly, chairman, Reunions Committee, 11,200 Shoemaker Street, Detroit, Michigan. Mr. Kelly and his committee will assist outfits with their plans for whatever kind of entertainment they may decide upon.



WHILE pedestrians apparently predominated in rural France, some few of the peasants and small town inhabitants boasted of somewhat better means of locomotion than a pair of feet. Frank M. Heath of Cissel Saxon Post of Silver Spring, Maryland, submits exhibit A on this page of one such means of transportation. Incidentally, Ex-Sergeant Heath gained considerable fame several years ago by completing a roundtrip of the United States, totaling 11,356 miles, on his horse, Gypsy Queen. We bulletin the Sergeant's report:

"In May, 1918, I finally succeeded in getting Uncle Sam to waive his objections to my advanced age and enlist me for special service as a 'Mule Sergeant' at Camp Humphreys, Virginia, with Company A, Second Engineers. Arriving overseas too late for service at the front, I was transferred shortly after the Armistice to the 135th Engineers at Bassens, near Bordeaux.

"Early in the spring of 1919, our skeleton outfit was attached to the 130th Engineers near La Rochelle. We had no animals. I could hear constantly the song of the desert canaries belonging to the 508th Engineers not far distant. I felt they needed me and the 508th wanted me for they owned no knowledge of mules. I was transferred as 'mule

Mule Sergeant Frank M. Heath of the 508th Engineers commandeered this coach-and-one while on leave in La Rochelle, France, during the spring of 1919. Apparently the pint-size burro in France served the same purpose as the dogs of Flanders



TRY THESE ON DETROIT

Present day motorists who complain of involved and confusing traffic regulations might profit by reading the above rules which governed A. E. F. drivers

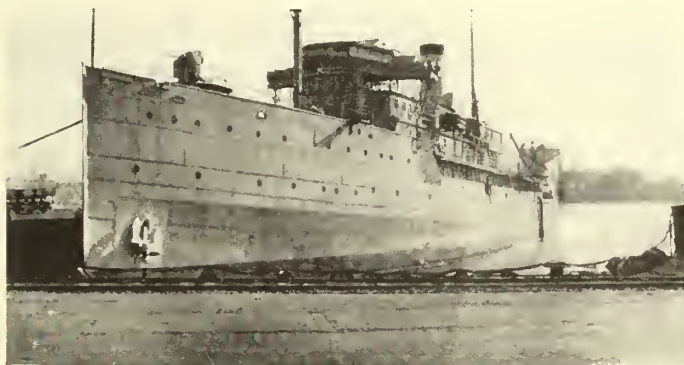
sergeant' and served in that role.

"Meanwhile I had made quite a collection of typical photographs, mostly rural. Either the French are mistaken about the typical French donkey or I am. They seemed to be ashamed to sell his photograph, in his really characteristic job of drawing a little two-wheeled huckster cart or the like. I seem to see in him and his humble master or mistress a considerable factor in the French economic system. I commandeered a good French photographer, discovered this woman with her donkey cart and the enclosed picture resulted. I believe she must have been a second-hand dealer as she was hauling a baby carriage and an old chair or two plus other junk."

TIMID motorists who shrink at a motor cop's bellowed "Where d'ya think ya goin'?" (with probable profane embellishments) would never have qualified as drivers in the A.E.F. The present staggered light stop-and-go system, the left turns on green lights or no left turns on green lights, the varied and unrelated traffic regulations in various centers throughout the land are bad enough—but consider the added burdens placed on chauffeurs overseas.

The last word in traffic rules was none other than the Commander-in-Chief himself—General Pershing—whose name appears on the traffic card which we are able to show through the co-operation of John R. Clarke, Legionnaire of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Clarke offered this suggestion when he submitted the card:

"As a member of the Gang I am sending in another little proposition that might be of interest in your columns. This is a



How many veteran gobs, soldiers and marines—or non-veteran civilians—will recognize the above ship under her several names: S. S. *Massachusetts*, U. S. S. *Shawmut* or U. S. S. *Oglala*. Now bearing the latter name, she is still doing duty as a mine layer

day of traffic rules, both good and bad, due to the great number of automobiles. Possibly the traffic rules in France just before the Armistice might be of assistance to some of our City Council-

SEPTEMBER, 1931

Headquarters First Army, A. E. F.

ORDERS FOR:

ALL MILITARY POLICE AND TRAFFIC POLICE

1. The Commander in Chief directs that all motors be stopped whenever traffic is halted except momentarily.
2. Report name of organization and number of any truck moving to the front without a proper load.
3. No bright headlight will be allowed at any time on any car or truck, but tail lights may be carried at all times.
4. Staff cars and ambulances may carry side lights or dimmed headlights at all times.
5. On clear nights a lantern or dim light may be carried by every tenth truck in a convoy.
6. On misty or stormy nights trucks may carry any lights except bright headlights.

By Command of General Pershing:

September 30, 1918.

H. A. DRUM, Chief of Staff

Each military police and traffic police will be furnished a copy of this card and will carry it with him at all times.

PRINTED BY G-2-C, FIRST ARMY

men, Police Departments and traffic commissions generally.

"This card was handed to me by a Military Policeman as I was aboard a truck loaded with ammunition headed for the front lines. The truck I was on carried a side light and it was not the 'tenth truck in the convoy.'"

"The 314th Ammunition Train, attached to the 80th Division, constituted the background for this little episode. Needless to say the traffic rules were enforced to the letter with very little remonstrance on the part of drivers."

VISITORS to the Legion national convention in Boston last October and particularly that group of men and women of many States which had the pleasure of sailing down the bay to Gloucester with Past National Commander Bodenhamer's party on the last evening of the convention, will welcome the accompanying picture of the good ship U. S. S. *Oglala*. Those who visited the rehabilitated *Constitution*—"Old Ironsides"—at the Boston Navy Yard will recall this comparatively big hulk lying at the next pier.

Legionnaire Robert S. Kelley, still in service on the U. S. S. *Melville*, lent us the picture and supplied this interesting account of the ship:

"Out in the land of Ho la ho la is stationed the U. S. S. *Shawmut*, laying mines off the coast of Maui as she did in the good old days back in 1917 in the North Sea. The fuses are bending their backs and pushing one over the side every five seconds. Many members of the Legion may recall those good old days in Inverness and Invergordon, and especially those Scottish maidens with their light blue eyes.

"The U. S. S. *Shawmut* has changed her name and today is known as the U. S. S. *Oglala*. The *Shawmut* was formerly the *Massachusetts*, built by William Cramp & Sons, Philadelphia, in 1907 for the coastwise trade of the New England Steamship Company. She was purchased from that company in (Continued on page 62)



Irving Bacheller, My Friend and Yours

(Continued from page 6)

in this town. He is ill-fitted to battle with the sharpers who infest these streets with gold bricks wrapped in bandannas. He should be teaching poetry to the boys and girls of St. Lawrence College." I didn't know him as well then as I do now. If I had I would have warned the city against him.

In proof that he was gullible I may add that he allowed me to sell him some of my gold bricks, that is to say, a group of stories. In spite of this we met occasionally. In the course of four or five years I published several moderately successful books and considered myself a real author. One day I received from him a tiny volume and after reading it, I was minded to write him a friendly letter saying, "Stick to the editing of your syndicate and leave the writing of novels to me," but I didn't. I politely acknowledged the book and put it on my shelves and continued to think of him as an editor till in 1900 he brought out a full sized book called "Eben Holden" which, after winning universal praise, suddenly began to sell in tens of thousands. I read this story with delight, marveling that anything so good and so American could please so many people. It was a beautiful book. Mr. Howells said: "It is as pure as water and as good as bread," and Stedman sang its praise.

Right here all parallelism between his way and mine ends. His pathway mounts steadily whilst mine wavers up and down, keeping mainly to the low levels. All his books of "The North Country" sold largely and royalties rolled in upon him in a golden flood. He built a beautiful house on the Connecticut shore and kept gardeners and horses and carriages. In this mansion was a noble fireplace and in its glow he and I used to sit and sing, reviving old-time songs in competition for the applause of his distinguished guests.

We had many mutual friends, William Dean Howells, John Burroughs, Edward MacDowell and scores of others, authors, artists and actors, but he became known to Wall Street. He came to know Barton Hepburn, Owen D. Young and other financial leaders. He called upon them in their offices with a quiet air of comradeship. I saw him in these relationships for he sometimes took me with him, leading these bankers and brokers to believe that I was also a man with large book royalties to invest.

In all that he wrote he remained the patriot and the gentleman. Whatever the short-comings of his books, they are without a taint of the pagan animalism which runs through almost all the fiction of the last fifteen years. His stories can be read aloud. His satire is never bitter.

His best known novels are based on historic characters. Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln are built into several of his novels and now he has written for

The American Legion Monthly a story in which Washington appears. As in "A Man for the Ages" he studied the early days of Lincoln, so in writing this, his latest story, he deals with Washington as a

HAMLIN GARLAND is one of the best known novelists in the United States and an essayist and dramatist of a high order. His "Main-Traveled Roads," stories written between 1890 and 1898, has become an American classic and his "Middle Border" stories are an authentic revelation of the final phase of the pioneer era in America. He has been a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters since 1918. This year he has been awarded the Roosevelt Medal, which is given annually "for distinguished service as a social historian, a depicter and recorder of a vanished phase of American life."

commander in Massachusetts and New Jersey. He has dug deep into the personal records of the time in order that the actual condition of the Continental soldier can be realized. I think that there are more than 60,000 words in his notebooks on the Revolutionary time.

As in almost every other of his novels based on American history, I have watched this story grow. While at work on this tale he brought to me his roles and talked with me about them. I have read passages from the notebooks, wherein he had set down, in exquisite script, the lines of especial value which his reading has discovered. When he is at work on a story of this sort he enjoys talking of it. He shares with his intimate friends the curious facts, the homely revealing letters and speeches which aided him. "After all," he said one day, "we must remember that Washington had no professional soldiers. They were all volunteers, farmers, mechanics, and

village merchants, all without training. Many were without uniforms and some of them had no weapons. They fought without pay, without proper food, and so when the crops needed attention they went home."

His method is to spend several months in reading all of the most valuable material concerning his subject, ruminating upon it as he goes along, then when the time comes to write he goes each morning to his study and writes in a book held on his knee, from nine till one. His writing is like copper plate. How he succeeds in getting so much done while putting his concept into such beautiful form, I have never been able to understand. His handwriting is finer than that of Eugene Field or Whitcomb Riley, and the bound volumes of his completed manuscripts have the neatness and grace which the medieval copyists gave to their handiwork. His letters are so exquisite that no one can find the heart to throw them away.

He is a golf enthusiast and almost every afternoon he makes one round. He plays well. When visiting him in Winter Park I often joined him on the course, not to play but to walk with him. He can drive his own car and does it very well, considering the deep musing into which he is liable at any moment to fall. He was useful as an example—"If that absent-minded poet can drive a car, I can," I said after a trip with him.

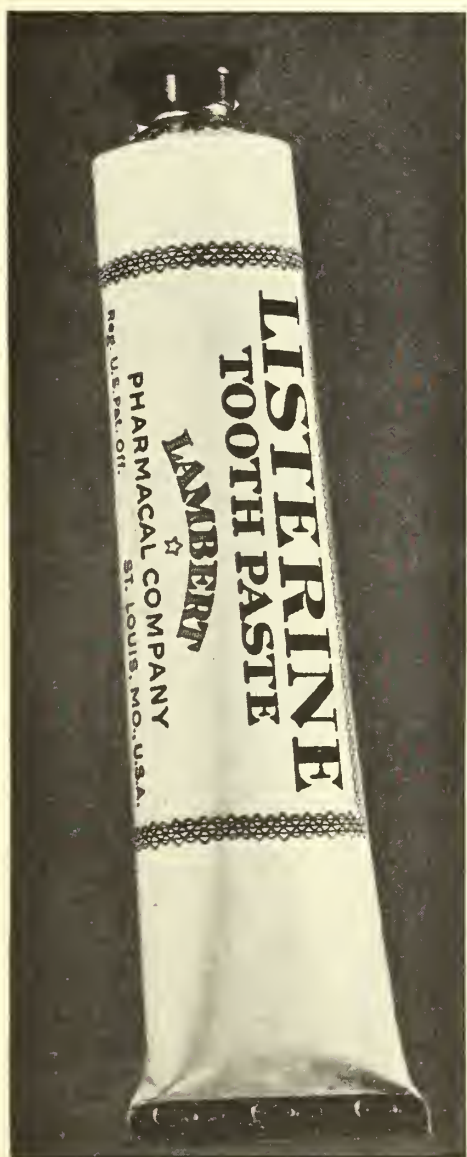
He is averse to whist for the reason that it interrupts conversation. He is hospitable and makes a delightful host. He loves good talk and he tells a story with precision. Although he uses the vernacular in many of his stories, his own speech is singularly correct and graceful. His humor has an individual whimsicality which I greatly enjoy. In fact I take pleasure in his company because he is of my kind and yet oddly different.

After his beautiful house on Riverside Drive, New York, burned, he decided to sell the land and make his home in Winter Park, Florida. He lives at a hotel while in the North, which is only for four or five months. His Southern home is a beautiful bungalow of Japanese type standing in the midst of an orchard of orange, lemon and grapefruit trees.

It has been my intention thus far to present to you an informal portrait of the friendly man of letters whose serial begins in the Monthly in October, and to give some notion of the care with which he works on such historical romances. He tells a story but he bases it on wide reading and long years of observation of many phases of life. He is a friendly writer and that is the impression I shall leave with you. He is a large personality, kindly, smiling but taking a very serious view of life and citizenship. As an author he is typically American.

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

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We send you a full-size
trial tube absolutely free. You be the
judge of its quality and its
remarkable results

ABOUT six years ago we became convinced that many people were paying too high a price for tooth paste. As manufacturers of Listerine, we were thoroughly familiar with the problems of oral hygiene. We felt that we could produce a tooth paste of outstanding quality and sell it for 25¢.

So Listerine Tooth Paste was created. Before it was put on the market, it was tested on the teeth of men, women, and children—for cleansing power, for ability to polish, for safety, and for mouth invigoration. The results of this long and thorough test showed it to be a dentifrice ideal for all types of teeth.

Try it at our expense

We are so proud of this tooth paste and so convinced that once you try it you will like it, that we will send a full-size trial tube (enough for five weeks' use) to those who will fill out the coupon below. Tear it out now and mail immediately.

When you receive your sample, compare it with the dentifrice you are now using.

You will be delighted to find that Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth with

amazing swiftness. That it erases discolorations and tartar, and leaves the teeth gleaming white. That it penetrates into hard-to-get-at crevices between the teeth, routing out decaying matter. That it gives the mouth a wonderful feeling of invigoration that you associate with Listerine itself. And that, most important of all, it is gentle and safe in action.

Harder than tartar. Softer than enamel

The modern cleansing and polishing agents in Listerine Tooth Paste are harder than tartar. Consequently they remove it. But they are softer than enamel and therefore are harmless to it.

People who have delicately constructed teeth report that Listerine Tooth Paste is one that can be used safely year in and year out.

The thrift dentifrice

Assuming you use a tube a month of a dentifrice in the 50¢ class, your yearly cost for tooth paste is \$6. Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ the large tube costs you half of that—a saving of about \$3 a year per person. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Mail this coupon today for free 5 weeks' trial size

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., Dept. A. L. 9

Gentlemen:

Please send me, free and prepaid, your 5 weeks' trial size tube of Listerine Tooth Paste.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

LISTERINE
Tooth Paste
25¢

The War We Lost by Pacifism

(Continued from page 23)

650,000 lives, 947,000 wounded, 600,000 prisoners; Germany, 1,773,700 lives, 4,216,058 wounded, 1,152,800 prisoners; Austria, 1,200,000 lives, 3,620,000 wounded, and 2,200,000 prisoners.

The total casualties of all countries involved were several millions greater than the entire population of the United States at the time of our Civil War. In all, there were more than thirty-four million casualties, of which the allotment of the United States was 50,475 who died in action or of wounds received in action, 182,622 wounded, 4,500 prisoners. With the deaths from disease we are not concerned here. Compared with France we had half as many men in arms, though a far smaller portion engaged. We had less than one-tenth as many wounded, and less than one-hundredth as many prisoners. Our total casualties were a little over one-twentieth—350,300 against 6,160,800.

Small as our comparative losses were they were far, far too great. An officer who was there on the ground, Major Reginald Barlow, tells me what many others would confirm, that 25 percent of our men would have been saved from death or wounds if they had been properly trained in the rudiments of war. The fault cannot be laid at the door of the Wilson Administration; it was the ancient national tradition. But it means that a legitimate preparation would have saved more than 12,000 men from death and over 45,000 from wounds. In other words, nearly 60,000 casualties would have been avoided by proper training.

Let the pacifists put this in their pipes of peace and smoke it, and let them sing a little smaller about the bloodthirsty motives of the preparationists.

Our men fought with foreign equipment almost altogether and that slowed them up and bewildered them greatly. Furthermore, though we took a critically long time getting men enough overseas to make a showing, selecting them from a grand total of over four millions in camp, it must be admitted with shame that great numbers of American boys were actually sent into the first line trenches without ever having learned how to fire a rifle or throw a hand grenade!

This would seem almost unbelievable if it were related of an army from Hayti or China, but it is the plain truth concerning our great and glorious nation. William Jennings Bryan declared that preparedness was unnecessary since at the first sign of danger to the country "a million men would leap to arms over night."



Well, we got four million to arms—not the next morning but the next year, and with so little evidence of leaping that conscription had to be resorted to. Yet the arms were not yet there after nearly two years, and an almost ruinous amount of time was wasted re-training men in France who had been already trained in America and shipped overseas in a state of such unreadiness that Pershing had to choose between throwing thousands of unprepared men upon the German machine guns with much waste of life, and prolonging the war over another season with greater waste.

It makes one's blood run cold to learn how utterly ill-prepared hordes of these martyrs were. Lieutenant (now Major) Arthur McKeogh, who was decorated for his courage in carrying back news of the plight of the Lost Battalion of which he was adjutant, has told me how, when his soldiers were surrounded by Germans, they came to him pleading to be told how to work the bolts of their rifles! They simply

could not use the hand grenades they carried because they had not been taught how. In the *New York Times* alongside Pershing's memoirs a communication of McKeogh's was published indicating these facts, and adding that many of our soldiers still carried into actual battle the ammunition issued to them in America, and by then utterly spoiled by salt moisture on the voyage over!

Major Barlow tells me of how he was appealed to by numbers of soldiers who actually did not know how to fire their rifles. I could quote no end of similar testimony.

I still feel tears in my eyes when I read of our Revolutionary soldiers at Valley Forge leaving on the snow the bloody footprints of their bare feet. Officers of my own old regiment, the 69th New York, told me how their men went barefoot and also left bloody footprints in the snows of the Vosges mountains in 1918. They had no extra shoes and when they were finally reshoed it was with such ill-fitting foreign shoes as could be picked up abroad.

The fact that in the World War this vast country used almost no munitions of its own is one of the ironies of history. Among its most odious tragedies is the fact that it shipped overseas myriads of men who might almost as well have gone into the German barbed wire with their bare hands for weapons.

Yet there is a gigantic movement on foot in this country to prevent any training or any accumulation of equipment whatsoever for any future war. With increasing success the efforts to train schoolboys in the rudiments of drill are being prevented. The Citizens Military Training Camps are opposed and largely frustrated. The Army, the Navy and aviation are treated as our most dangerous enemies. The clergy are not only uniting in great numbers to oppose preparation and training but taking solemn pledges never to approve of any war under any circumstances. In the May issue of *The World Tomorrow* 10,427 clergymen are quoted as absolutely rejecting war and refusing to take part in any future war. The fanatic determination to rob military and naval glory of respectability is carried to the extent of denouncing uniforms, toy (Continued on page 40)



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SMOKE



*for
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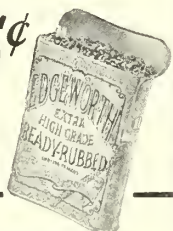
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Send me the Edgeworth sample.
I'll try it in a good pipe.

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AL-70

The War We Lost by Pacifism

(Continued from page 38)

soldiers and parades, and opposing even the celebration of war-heroism as a blood-thirsty allurements to carnage.

These are hard times and it is all too easy to find excuses for cutting down the Army, the Navy, the air service, the Reserves, the National Guard, the training camps. To the normal American disgust for war-preparation during times of peace is being added a ruthless eagerness to sacrifice what experts believe to be the irreducible minimum of safety.

But wars start in hard times. Wars select the worst of wrong times to break out.

It is funny how differently the pacifist mind and the preparationist mind deal with the same admitted fact. The one thing they agree on is their point of departure for the opposite poles.

The pacifists say wars are cruel, wasteful, foolish, unjust to the innocent; therefore we must never make ready for them, we must reason sweetly with one another, we must gather round a table and compromise and part friends.

The preparationists say, "Wars are everything you can say against them, therefore we must be prepared against them."

The very insanity of wars is what makes them dangerous and unpredictable. What is more insane than a prairie fire, a tornado, a mad dog, a maniac, a plague of disease, a startled rattlesnake, a Napoleonic ambition, a greed for land, a Jack the Ripper?

Where nations will agree to cut down the ghastly burden of rivalry in preparation, it is good business to join them, provided they do not trust each other too implicitly, for a patriot always justifies his deception of the foreigner and yet is always indignant at the foreigner's deception of him.

Nobody could have loved peace or hated war more than George Washington. Yet, during his two administrations and the following one of Adams, life was made miserable for all believers in even elementary preparedness by Jefferson and his increasingly ardent and powerful disciples.

The last days of Washington's life were embittered by the reactions against his principles and the collapse of his party, the Federals. Thomas Jefferson gradually beat down the most violent opposition, especially that of the clergy, who so hated his religious views that they paid no respect to his ardor for peace at any price.

That is another reason for distrusting pacifism. Even when two nations have learned to love each other well enough to serve as allies in a war, they are pretty sure to hate each other's guts and take

opposite sides in the next war. What is the least unpopular nation in the world today? Germany undoubtedly.

The French war of 1798 was brief. Washington died, Adams offended nearly everybody and Jefferson became President. At last he could put his theories into practice.

In his inaugural he celebrated the peaceful disposition of the United States. We have always prated of our love for peace and our lack of land-hunger and have at the same time had more wars than almost anybody else and grabbed more territory. When Jefferson became president we were

a strip along the Atlantic and had a population of a little over five millions, including a million slaves. The population of our empire now is over one hundred and thirty millions. The center of our population was then east of Baltimore. The center of our area is now out in the Pacific Ocean. Our total area in 1790 was 892,135 square miles, hardly more than our possessions now, which total 716,088 square miles. Our entire area in 1920 was 3,738,371 square miles. In other words, we have added 2,846,238 square miles to our original area. Which is doing fairly well for such a sweet-spoken people.

Jefferson, who didn't want conquest, took Louisiana by one of the most complicatedly crooked pieces of juggling in all human history. The facts are really worth reading. If it had not been for the black Napoleon, Toussaint l'Ouverture, the white Napoleon would probably have taken away from us the (Continued on page 42)



Legionnaire and Editor Charles H. Ryckman of Fremont, Nebraska, center, is congratulated by Post Commander Lane and Post Adjutant Perkins upon receiving the Pulitzer Prize for the best newspaper editorial of the year



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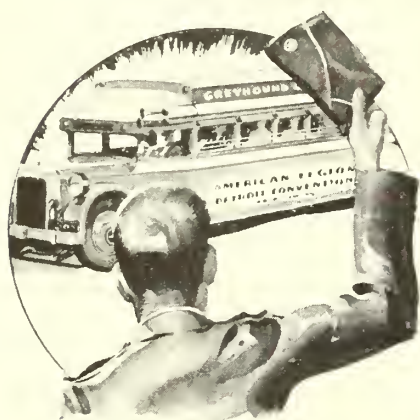
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Off to the Detroit Convention in the most comfortable "Camion" ever built... a Greyhound Bus. You'll have a better time and save plenty of dollars, whether you take a regular through schedule, or charter a special coach just for your own jolly gang.

See your Post Commander for complete map of bus lines. Then ask the local Greyhound agent about special excursion fares to the Convention.

Or write direct to—American Legion Committee, Greyhound Lines, E. 11th and Walnut, Cleveland, Ohio

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The War We Lost by Pacifism

(Continued from page 40)

Louisiana he sold us when it did not belong to him.

Jefferson said in his opening speech that we had "a conscientious desire to direct the energies of our nation to the multiplication of the human race, and not to its destruction." This multiplication idea was true of slaves, but did not apply to Indians.

He denounced "taxing the industry of our fellow citizens to accumulate treasure for wars to happen we know not when." This language sounds like today.

But the true reason for Jefferson's ability to keep out of war was that Napoleon was keeping Europe so desperately busy fighting for its life. Even at that, we swallowed the most nauseating humiliations. Jefferson believed that we could whip any nation by simply threatening to join any other nation, or by starving it out by refusing our produce or closing our markets.

We built up a large sea-commerce, though our ships were manned to an astounding extent by British deserters. One does not often hear of the inducements and protection we offered on our side to British desertion. For instance, at Norfolk once, the whole crew of a British merchantman deserted to an American war vessel and the commander refused to give them up. The law of Virginia actually imposed death on any judge who surrendered any deserter!

On the other hand, the poor British sailors had most of them been kidnaped anyway, and they had a right to desert. England of course would not recognize such a right and she refused for many years to grant the right of a British citizen to naturalize himself as a citizen of another country. "Once a Briton, always a Briton," was the motto.

In a grim determination to keep her sailors, England's warships stopped ships of all nations and took off any of the crew that the commander assumed to be, or to have been, British. It made no difference if the sailors showed American citizenship papers. Unfortunately the British officers knew all too well that these papers could be bought for almost nothing, hence proved nothing.

But the practice worked outrageous hardship on the true-born American sailor, for he was likely as not to be dragged off the ship he had signed on and forced to fight and toil for England. This was unbearable and it makes the American of today blench to read what our country endured for years and years with nothing more than pompous diplomatic protests.

Seizing American citizens was not all. In the course of her wars with France, England tried to starve France out and seized anywhere on the ocean American ships and cargoes if she believed or alleged that they were bound for a French port. American papers were contemptuously disregarded. Then the French began to

make similar seizures and American commerce had no apparent rights anywhere.

The British interfered even in the matter of duties collected from American vessels in home ports and refused to accept American affidavits. Unfortunately, they had all too many reasons to realize that perjury was not unknown in America.

For defense in case of a war of self defense, Jefferson believed in the militia, even in a naval militia. He did not believe in powerful warships but trusted to little gunboats to lurk in bays and inlets along the coast. These were to be manned by neighboring farmers! I am not quoting from "Alice in Wonderland" but from solemn history.

The farmers were not, however, so unsuited as one might think to serve these gunboats, because the boats were not supposed to go to sea. The gunboats could not stand rough water!

But Jefferson's chief substitute for the mailed fist was the closed door. With genuine self-sacrificing pacifism he adopted the policy of the Japanese, according to which if you wish to avenge yourself on your enemy you cut your own abdomen open on his doorstep. To rebuke England for trying to ruin American commerce, Jefferson decided to ruin it first himself.

In 1806, Congress passed a non-importation act forbidding entry to British goods until our rights were respected and our ships no longer halted. The British laughed at this and went right on with their piracy.

It is hard for Americans of today to believe that for a whole generation American-born sailors were taken off American-built ships by British captains and forced into slavery without one warlike act on our part. Secretary of State Madison reported that within three years no less than two thousand and three hundred of such impressments took place.

The climax came in 1807 when an American warship, the *Chesapeake*, on her way to Tripoli, was stopped by the British warship *Leopard* outside Chesapeake Bay. The *Leopard* signaled the *Chesapeake* to halt and sent an officer over to demand an inspection of the crew for deserters. Captain Barron refused to submit to this degradation, whereupon the *Leopard* opened fire and kept it up for fifteen minutes while Captain Barron tried to get ready to make at least a show of resistance. But his ship was not ready for battle. Chicken coops were piled on the guns. The *Chesapeake* was riddled and wrecked, three men killed and eighteen men wounded before an officer took a live coal from the cook's galley, ran along the deck juggling it, and used it to fire one cannon. Then the flag was hauled down, the British came aboard, lined up the crew, declined to accept Captain Barron's word, and carried off four sailors. Three of these were American-

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

born men who had been previously impressed by the British and escaped.

The ship limped back to port and the country shrieked for revenge. President Jefferson furiously ordered all British ships to get out of American waters at once. He demanded an apology, reparation and a promise not to do it again.

The British offered to apologize but refused to give up the right of impressment. The country was so deeply stirred that it was only five years later when it declared war. But eight years later we were so whipped that we promised not to insist on the cessation of impressment.

Napoleon naturally despised such cravens as we were and began to rival the British in contempt for our ships and brutality to our sailors.

We were far less free than before the Revolution, for England now gave orders to our ships that she would never have given to us when we were colonies. And we either obeyed them or broke them sneakily and were well spanked when caught.

The strangest thing about this whole period is that, while Jefferson was a pacifist toward England and France, he was a militarist in his dealings with the Tripoli pirates and with poor old Spain. He fought and whipped the Barbary pirates, to whom Washington and Adams paid tribute and with whom we left captured sailors unredeemed from the most cruel slavery. Jefferson threatened war with Spain and calmly robbed her of West Florida and the vast realm of Louisiana. The result was that we had no war with Spain, and after a brief clash with Tripoli peace thereafter.

John Randolph called Jefferson's non-importation policy "a dose of chicken broth." He could not even force that dose down the American or the British throats.

The next extreme was to commit commercial hara-kiri. An embargo was put on our own ships, forbidding them to leave port at all. Many stole away, but the harbors were filled with masts like "huge forests of dry trees."

We tried to starve ourselves to death to conquer the pity of the enemy. If that isn't pacifism, what is? We did find our warships useful briefly, but we used them for—what do you suppose?—to chase and capture our own ships when they tried to put to sea! The result was bootleg commerce done on the sly, while we spent our money punishing our own citizens.

The Embargo Acts resembled the Prohibition Amendment amazingly. They punished only the meek, while the disobedient flourished exceedingly.

When even this almost incredible play for mercy failed, we tried the bribe of partiality. We permitted our ships to trade with any nation except England and France.

This, of course, only gave to England and France a better excuse for harrying our ships, and our flag was simply an invitation to capture, confiscate and burn our vessels.

(To be concluded)

SEPTEMBER, 1931

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BOSTONIAN AGENCIES IN EVERY CITY AND TOWN

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Dead or Alive?

(Continued from page 4)

PINCHED —for reckless piping!



TO TRAFFIC perils add: The man whose too powerful pipe leaves a trail of suffocation and wrath behind him. It isn't the pipe's fault, either. Take that same gurgly old briar, clean it carefully according to the instructions in Sir Walter Raleigh's booklet, fill it with Sir Walter Raleigh's *milder* pipe mixture—and there'll be one less traffic nuisance on the highways. You'll find this altogether exceptional blend of choice, well-aged Burleys not merely a lot milder, but remarkably flavorful and full-bodied. We know you'll enjoy it.

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It's 15¢ — AND IT'S Milder

served with the Fifth Division, perhaps you can throw some light upon it.

It seems hardly possible that everyone who would have some knowledge of what is set forth in the following account in so starkly realistic a manner should have been killed. The errors which are only too evident in the calm of thirteen years' passage of time may be set down to the excitement of the soldier in the most thrilling moments of his life. "Now for a night's sleep," the account ends. The sleep of death?

Ray L. Whitney, P. O. Box 582, Reno, Nevada, who found the diary, would like to know, and The American Legion Monthly will be glad to receive word from the diary's author, in the event he is still alive.

The Diary . .

Sept. 6, 1918—This is my first glimpse of the war-torn land of France. Drilling, drilling for months to get ready for this. Came up yesterday as a replacement. I hope I'll prove as good a man as the one whose place I take. We are in the Moselle area south of Nancy. Not so much sign of war here, except the holes left by the air raiders. We leave tonight. My first march under actual war conditions. Not much difference from the training area. Only men are more silent. Talk less.

Sept. 10—Here we are at Martincourt. What a hell of a march that was! Four nights of trudging through the blackness. The rain seems perpetual. Everyone exhausted. Officers and men alike are foot-sore and weary from exposure to the raw weather and loss of sleep. Tonight we relieve the 90th Division. Military Police everywhere. They are acting as guides. First time I ever saw one doing anything worth while. No women up here to palaver with. No drunks to round up. But they seem to know their business. Mail waiting for us when we reached here. Nothing for me, though. Didn't expect anything as a matter of fact.

Sept. 11—At last I'm a combatant. Snatch a few minutes to jot down my impressions. Something may be doing any minute. What a difference from the training area! Nothing formal here. We took over the sector last night. The 90th Division boys glad to be relieved. Suppose we'll be glad, too. But this is just the beginning and I want to see more. The German positions seem excellently situated for defense. Heights with well organized systems of trenches. Doesn't look too inviting. Their positions command the valleys about. Their outpost trenches are guarded by wide stretches of barbed wire. We are at Regnieville. The German lines are about four hundred meters above us. Pillboxes and concrete strongholds dominate every point of vantage. French tanks are moving up behind us. They are to move off ahead of the infantry to break

the barbed wire. Hooray for the tanks! That barbed wire doesn't look any too inviting to me. Company D's job is to open up the Regnieville-Thiaucourt highway through No Man's Land. We are about to move into position now. It looks like some real action ahead. My French Chauchat (automatic gun) is all oiled and we've got plenty of pans all loaded. A sergeant and three men have just arrived with a Stokes mortar outfit. They say they are going up with us. Good for them. We'll need 'em. There are five machine guns with us. We'll need them, too. We've got to move now.

Sept. 11 (3 A.M.)—Hardly light enough to write yet, but I can scribble. We are waiting. The bombardment began at 1 a.m. The vets in the outfit say it is the most terrific artillery fire they have ever heard. The ground actually trembles under us. How any human being can live where those shells are going no one can fathom. We have to shout in one another's ears to be heard. It is like the roar of doom. The sky is all aflame for miles, trembling, dancing on the horizon. Were it not for the belching guns I could not write this under my helmet to keep the water off. At first the Huns came back with everything they had. But that is over now. The German guns are silent. Our own fire drowned them, I guess. The last shell from the German side came over about 2 a.m. Nothing since. The boys are waiting in the trenches, impatient to be off. The barbed wire in front of us has been cut. The rain is soaking us to the skin. It is a cold rain. Some of the men have changed their socks and underwear. Mine are dry yet, thank God! It is now 4:30 and the machine guns have just opened up—our guns, laying down a heavy barrage. No one has told us when we are to hop off, but pretty soon, I imagine. It is now 5 a.m. and a thousand 75's have just opened up back of us. Didn't know they were there. What a strafing! They are firing point blank directly over our heads. I imagine if I reached up high enough I could lose an arm without much trouble. How those enemy front lines are being churned with that point blank fire. We can see the shells bursting, pieces of wood and dirt flying. The tanks that were with us tonight have not got here yet. Mired down, someone said. The rain did that. We are off. More later—I hope.

6:40 A.M.—We are halted a little while on the heights above Regnieville. What a spurt that was. We are waiting for the tanks. Some tough going ahead, they say. Got my first prisoner half an hour ago. Found him hiding in a dugout. Poor devil half scared I was going to shoot him. Gave him a couple of cigarettes. I guess he's safely with the bunch of prisoners we now see entering Regnieville. Maybe fifty of them gathered up by our outfit.

The tanks have just now come into Regnicville. Thought they were with us last night, but guess not. Mud held them up. The artillery is trying to move up—the 75's. But the horses flounder and get caught in the wire. We can see everything below us, just like a moving picture. Wish we could see ahead as well. We passed the German front lines at about 5:45. There were some machine guns but we silenced them. Our machine gunners did effective work, but they had difficulty keeping up with us. Twice we ran into our own barrage. Our own fault. Moved ahead too fast. We'll know better next time. More effort down there to get the 75's through the mud. Almost hear the teamsters cursing. It's hell. Signal men now coming up with phones, stringing wire. Some litters going back with wounded. Got eight or nine men of our outfit with machine gun bullets. Airplanes (our own) overhead now.

6 P.M.—We've stopped. The objective has been taken, but we will go on again. One of the boys of my squad (five of us still going strong) is cooking a rabbit he shot. Smells good. Passed a town called Vieville. We took the town while our guns were still shelling it. Nice bag of Huns. I've lost track of my prisoners. We got a German lieutenant colonel and he was madder than hell because we told him he would have to walk back with the privates. Threw away my Chauchat and grabbed a Springfield. Better to crawl through the brush with. Some of the boys have discarded their packs, but I kept mine. May need it. Everywhere along the line it's been "Kamerad! Kamerad!" Didn't know I had so many friends in the world. Sure got Heinie on the run. Passed Bois Gerard about 9:30 this morning. There was a German hospital there, but the wounded had all been taken away. Surgical supplies left. Also saw some fine beer gardens. But no beer! Places all lighted with electricity. Maybe we'll be able to find some general's quarters where we can sleep tonight. Looked at one place and found a dead German officer in it. Hit by a shell. It was too messed up to use as a boudoir. Needs mopping out first.

10 P.M.—Well, this is sweet. Horris and I have a bedroom all to ourselves. Had some pretzels and cheese. Have a fire going and can write by the light from the hearth. Not bad. Mopping up all afternoon and evening and everybody dog tired. Think I'll turn in for some sleep. Horris is snoozing now. The cannons have died down now. They are too far behind to catch up. No tanks yet. Guess they got sunk. Heard somebody going by and just looked out. A whole column of prisoners is going back. Now for a night's sleep.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The rest of the diary contains only blank pages. Was the author of the foregoing killed in the counter attack? Is he still alive? Who was he? Where is he now? Who was Horris, his bunkie?

SEPTEMBER, 1931



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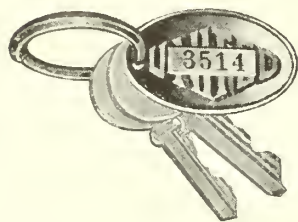
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THE END OF THE STORY

IN THE July issue of the Monthly Alexander Woollcott, describing his adventures before the microphone, told about how last Armistice Day he broadcast the story of the fraternization between English and German soldiers the first Christmas of the war which was brought to a brutally abrupt close when a regiment of Highlanders opened fire on the Germans who were returning the day after Christmas for another try at mutual hospitality. Mr. Woollcott had got the straight of it from an ex-subaltern of a regiment of Warwickshire Fusiliers who took part in the fraternization. The subaltern had been introduced to this fantastic proceeding when one of his sergeants early Christmas Day awakened him and told of swapping cigarettes with a German he had met in No Man's Land a few minutes before.

The Monthly account ended with the Highlanders' fire ending the soldiers' dream of the end of the war. But there was more to the story. By an inadvertence for which the Monthly and not Mr. Woollcott was responsible, it did not get in. Here is the rest of it, in his words:

"Thereafter, all the witnesses of that day's work knew only the bloodiest fighting. There cannot be many of them alive.

"You can imagine for yourselves the language of the wounded Tommy when engaged in picturing the kind of bright booted, red cheeked colonel who must have given the fatal order to shoot. And then there were those who said the whole thing was a German trap, and that the Highlanders had fired in the belief that the trap was about to be sprung.

"My friend, the lieutenant, was wounded and shifted about. He sought surcease in making charcoal drawings on the remains of whitewashed walls in ruined French villages—jocular drawings of the men about him. He did some on paper.

One of these got home to England and was published. There was a great clamor for more. Some member of the House of Commons grew quite apoplectic about the rude sketches. He rose to inquire why His Majesty's government tolerated such grotesque caricatures of the nation's heroes. The answer was a roar of laughter from the nation's heroes themselves. So the apoplectic member was sat upon by Winston Churchill, and the lieutenant was made a captain and ordered to draw his fool head off. You may have seen some of his work. His name is Bruce Bairnsfather.

"I see him occasionally, mooning along in Fifth Avenue traffic. Behind him, a spectral orderly seems in attendance, a fabulous old soldier with walrus mustaches, the ghost of Old Bill.

"Well, I told the story over the radio on the eve of the Armistice anniversary. The broadcast ended with taps and I went home to dinner. Next day, and in the days that followed, there was an avalanche of mail. The first letter to arrive bore a special delivery stamp, and came from East Orange, in New Jersey. It was from a man named Arthur Harrison, a friendly, excited, and inquiring letter that told me how he had chanced to tune in the night before, just as some bozo—myself as it turned out to be—was talking. He was puttering about his sitting room, when he stopped dead in his tracks. For out of the air was coming a description of his own Christmas morning back in 1914. He had not known that anyone else was alive who knew the story. You see, on December 25, 1914, he had been a private in the Seventeenth Warwickshire Fusiliers, and as sentry on duty in the hours before stand-to, it was he who had awakened Lieutenant Bairnsfather and summoned him to a sight he will not forget while he lives."

Builders of a Better America

(Continued from page 19)

\$25 PRIZE

Enoch A. Norem, 3 Willow Drive, Mason City, Iowa

INVENTION of the reaper by McCormick in 1831 set the stage for the most marvelous century in history. It released man from the fear of famine, opened millions of new acres and brought vast railroad systems westward. It caused the building of thousands of towns and the founding of huge industries.

\$25 PRIZE

J. Sewell Day, 56 Butman Street, Beverly, Massachusetts

AFTER THE SIGNING of the Declaration of Independence the British still had

their army of Hessians in the Colonies. In the following August in the battles of Long Island and White Plains the Americans were obliged to withdraw after severe defeats. At this point Robert Morris, on his personal credit, raised funds to supply our Army and thus prevented the collapse of the Revolution. He saved the new nation.

\$25 PRIZE

M. W. Proctor, 151 Garrison Rd., Williams-ville, New York

MAJOR WILLIAM LE BARON JENNEY first conceived and applied the principle of carrying the weight of a building on a skeleton frame-work instead of on the walls, as heretofore, in building the Home

Insurance Building in Chicago in 1883. From this our modern skyscrapers with steel frame and curtain walls are evolved. These structures have furnished the incentive to the development of a distinctively American architecture.

\$25 PRIZE

Samuel M. Purdue, 1209 Central Ave., Lafayette, Indiana

EVERY CITY has its section to which the Boosters' Club does not point with pride. In such a section School Number 97 was located.

She was given the principalship of the school because she was competent in her profession. Consulting her natural tastes, she would have chosen a more desirable part of the city.

To the children of foreigners she taught the principles of American citizenship.

Her achievement is unsung. She is never in the limelight. Yet, she is the hope of America.

\$25 PRIZE

Jacob C. Schaeffer, 246 Wall St., Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

CONSIDERING the question of conscription, put in effect soon after the United States entered the World War: To think that our country could by draft call to arms over nine million men without riots or undue disturbance! It is hardly conceivable. Nevertheless, it was done within eighteen months.

Our Army was raised by means of the operation of the Selective Service Draft Law, compelling the registration of men between the age of eighteen to forty-five for military duty, and before the war ended, over twenty-four million men were enrolled.

\$25 PRIZE

W. S. Wallen, 829 South Record St., Los Angeles, California

IN MAY, 1787, a small group of men met in Philadelphia and without orphaning a single American child or widowing a single American mother, proceeded to destroy the existing government and to erect upon the ruins thereof another, to make the Union more perfect and to secure the blessings of liberty for themselves and their posterity.

The unparalleled growth of America is due to the excellence of that Constitution.

\$25 PRIZE

Dr. F. L. Wood, Lynden, Washington

IN 1843, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes published his paper on "The Contagiousness of Puerperal Fever." In it he declared that infection was carried from one patient to another on the hands of the attendant. This essay will always remain a classic in medical as well as American literature, for it announced a discovery which was to revolutionize obstetrics and save the lives of innumerable mothers.

SEPTEMBER, 1931



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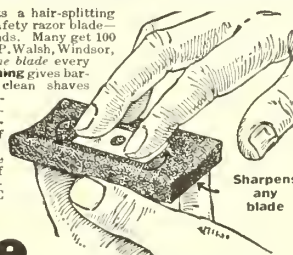
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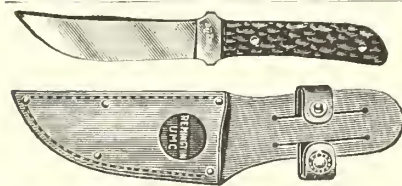
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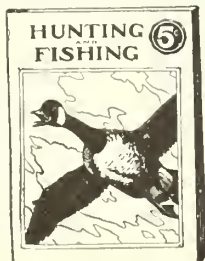
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Welcome to Our City

(Continued from page 21)

plants, where mass production originated and reached its highest state of development, and where completed cars roll off the assembly lines every few seconds, will be open for inspection. So will factories producing tires, automobile bodies, stoves, drugs, electric refrigerators and hundreds of other products unrelated to the automobile which give Detroit a wide diversification of industry little known outside the city. So great is this diversification, in fact, that the Legionnaire who wants to combine business with pleasure will have little trouble in finding a kindred business associate who will be willing and eager to show him around and discuss with him mutual problems.

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Sugar

(Continued from page 13)

"Pelier's," the major affirmed. "He has five teams. Lord knows how he kept them from the government this last year. But he did. He's dirty rich. Couldn't get in the war himself on account of a game leg. Horse rolled on him when he was a kid . . . Here he is now."

Malone, glancing up, wondered first if all men grew to be giants here in Montoir. The one entering was almost as tall as the Hollander he had just seen in Major Orcott's office.

"Meet another American," the major said. "Lieutenant Malone, M'sieu Pelier." He added: "The lieutenant's a detective." "Detective?" the Frenchman repeated. "Then I am intruding?"

"Not at all!" Major Orcott pushed a chair toward him. "Nothing private in what we're talking about. He's investigating the sugar thefts."

"Ah!" Pelier settled in his chair. He was cheerful, almost expansive. Malone, blinking at him out of his vacant eyes, could see how this man might be dirty rich. The Frenchman was shaking his head. "I fear you are what we call against the wall, my stranger. The major has attempted every way to halt the outrages. He has

confided in me his unhappy failures."

"I'm here to stop it," Malone announced.

"I wish you luck, m'sieur, but I have little hope."

Major Orcott turned the subject quickly. His manner indicated that Malone's voice had been a little too stubborn and he did not wish his genial French friend to take offense.

They finished with apples and cheese.

"No checkers today," the major said. "If you'll excuse me," he apologized to Pelier. The Frenchman stood up. "I too have tasks. But you must call on me later, my Lieutenant, if you remain in Montoir."

"If I have time," Malone promised. But he would have no time.

Pelier put on his hat, one of those turned-down cloth affairs peculiar to the lower river, shapeless as an old sack. But he had thrust a gull feather into it, and it set off the drab cloth, giving his whole aspect a touch of gaiety. He laughed when he saw Malone glance at the feather.

"It is my what you call trademark. I wear one always for the good luck."

He had difficulty descending the step to

the street. As the two Americans crossed the road, Malone glanced back. Pelier was hobbling eastward at a rapid pace, his whole body swinging in a determined effort to cover the ground quickly in spite of his handicap. Major Orcott led the way back past the sentry at the gate. The rain, which halted abruptly at noon, already had recommenced in a fine drizzle.

"We'll go right out to the floor," the major suggested.

The four railroad tracks that entered the building at the north traversed its entire length. Three of them stopped at the south wall; the fourth pair of rails, those nearest the east side, dodged through a wide door out to the quai. On this set, within the building, three small French freight cars stood with their rolling doors wide open and the sugar sacks in plain view.

The lieutenant motioned inquiringly toward a second string of cars on the tracks at the west side of the warehouse.

"Sugar in them, too?"

"Empties," Major Orcott explained, as he carefully sealed the cars. "We keep a string always ready on the floor or in the yards. Like to have them on hand whenever they run a cargo in on us." They walked to the front together. "Just whistle if I can do anything else for you."

"Need to think things over," Malone said. He accompanied the warehouse commander as far as the office, and after promising to see him later, stepped out into the yard and turned back along the wharf.

Major Orcott's guards were strung along the stockade at the north of the enclosure. There was no sign of sentries on the three long unloading platforms. Malone, observing this, remembered what the major had said at noon about empty docks requiring fewer guards. He walked around to the south end. The Loire flowed placidly here.

The one track from within the building, across which Major Orcott had just thrown and locked the gate, joined a siding here on the quai. The rails of the siding were rusty. Following the old track as far as the stockade, Malone came upon another gate. This was built solidly, of stout high planks just like those in front, and like them padlocked.

He passed through and coming out in front, paused near the sentry at the gate. There he caught sight of Rudolph. The sergeant had found a pair of bedraggled fishing girls on the French wharf, and was talking to them.

The lieutenant heard their shouts of delight. A good man, Rudolph. Could get along anywhere. Malone returned to the hotel across the road and walking back to the bar ordered a drink. In the kitchen, just off the dining room, he heard angry voices. One of them was Pelier's!

He was arguing in French so quick that Malone could not understand. Only he heard one word repeated over and over. Sugar.

The lieutenant downed his insipid drink in three distasteful gulps and turned

back toward the roadway. Under the circumstances he did not wish to meet the Frenchman. Rudolph, apparently tiring of the company of the fisher girls, had retreated toward the car. He walked past it, glanced once sharply at Malone. The lieutenant opened the car door and entered. Rudolph quickened his step. It took a moment to swing the machine around, and by the time it was pointed back to St. Nazaire, Rudolph was a hundred yards ahead. Malone drove slowly. Beyond the first bend he waited. Rudolph slipped in beside him. "That big fellow with the trick hat that came out of the office just after you went in—he was madder'n a lieutenant colonel in a dirty barracks," he offered. "So I soft soled him."

"And he went. . . .?"

"To the boat next to where these dames was. So I had a little parley-voov with them. Just to get a earful. The big guy's name is Haak."

"And he's got a cargo of sugar for sale." Rudolph denied it.

"No sugar 'round where I could see."

"It'll be one of your jobs to see it."

Malone smoked three cigarettes while Rudolph ate supper in the Y. M. C. A. hut. The March dusk had fallen rapidly. Rain had blown away, but the sky still hung overcast. Again in the car, Malone dropped the sergeant a quarter mile from Warehouse M, gave him his final instructions and drove on casually toward Major Orcott's office.

The major was standing by the big track gates at the front of the stockade, awaiting the arrival of the beef train. He had on his raincoat and apparently was through in his office for the night. He asked:

"Come back to ride the cars?"

"Guess not. Cold evening," Malone replied. "Just see them safely on the way, then telephone Tours to be on the lookout."

The headlight of the approaching train pushed slowly down the main track. A bowlegged little man walked ahead of it with a lantern. Major Orcott backed cautiously from the rails and halted opposite the sugar cars. It was the work of but a few minutes to uncouple the engine. It jerked ahead and backed precipitately into the siding, all its loose joints clattering. Two yardmen shouted and waved their lanterns in eccentric loops. The couplings crashed. The pins were set. Again the lanterns waved. Tin whistles squealed.

And three sugar cars, properly sealed, pulled out to join the beef train.

Orcott took off his glasses and snapped them into their case. "It's your lookout now, Lieutenant," he said with relief. "That shipment's off my hands."

Malone agreed with a nod. He had just seen the dark figure that swung out from behind a stack of commissary cases and up to the beams between the first and second cars of sugar. No one could mistake those broad, square shoulders. Rudolph was riding the train. (Continued on page 50)



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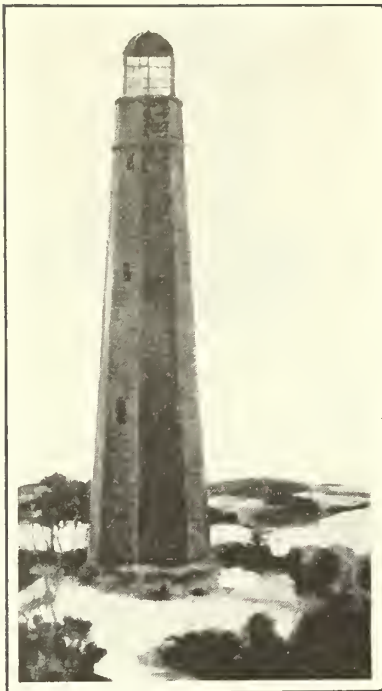
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Sugar

(Continued from page 49)

No prowler would take a pound of its cargo while he guarded it.

"If I can do anything for you just call me," Orcott said once more. "I'd like to get this cleared up as much as you do."

He shook hands, and Malone blinked at him almost stupidly as he said good night. He saw the lanterns at the rear of the train disappear in the mist. Moving slowly, though it took self control to keep from running, he returned to his automobile and started west. For some time he bumped along on poor roads, and then he was going up and down short, steep grades. Then his car again found the St. Nazaire-Angers highway, and lights of a little village blinked ahead. He drove into it without slowing his pace until he reached the railroad tracks at the edge of the Loire.

The gates were locked, so he climbed over them, and found the chef de gare in his office, asleep beside a cold stove. Malone explained his errand briefly. No, the beef train had not yet arrived. Yes, it would pass through without halting.

"Not tonight it won't," Malone contradicted. He showed his identification card, printed in French upon the right fold, in English on the left. "That train stops tonight and no argument."

The chef de gare did argue. Malone presented his card again. The man, a small, round, plain old fellow with whiskers, studied its signatures.

"It is most unusual," he consented at length. "It is unheard of. But I have my instructions, they are plain on that card."

He took up his smoky lantern, his tightly furled red flag and a semaphore key, then with dignity set his dirty uniform cap on his head. As they returned to the platform they could hear the train whistling.

"Don't let it get by," Malone ordered.

The beef train swung around the bend, hooted angrily at the waving lantern and grumbled to an outraged halt. Leaving the chef de gare to soothe the engine crew, Malone ran down the tracks beside the cars. He saw a figure lumbering toward him through the dark.

"Halt!" it was Rudolph.

"Malone, Sergeant!" the lieutenant shouted. "I want to look inside these cars."

"Inside? Inside, you say? No one been near us, sir, this is the first stop. . . ."

"Break that seal," Malone ordered. "Give me a lift on this door. That's it. . . now your flashlight. . . ."

"Good Lord!" the sergeant exclaimed.

"Guessed right," Malone grunted.

The beam of the flashlight swept up and down the walls. The first of Major Orcott's sugar cars was empty. Malone examined the second and the third. None held sugar.

The chef de gare and the engine crew stumbled toward them.

"You!" the engineer shouted. "Go away! Quickly! Depart!"

"You may go ahead now yourself," Malone bade. He tossed a packet of cigarettes in their direction. "Come, Rudolph. No use riding farther." He ran back toward the automobile. "We're only four or five kilos on the main road from Montoir. I took a roundabout way. Told the major I was going to St. Nazaire."

In less than five minutes they made out the glow of the American camp. They walked the last half mile. Malone had little to say and Rudolph knew better than to ask questions. The lieutenant finally inquired:

"Did you make a hit with those fishing girls?"

Rudolph, turning in surprise, saw him grin. It was the first time he had seen Malone permit himself a grin since he started on the case, and that meant he was nearing the end of it. Malone never saw the humor of a crime before he saw the solution of it.

"Sure I made a hit," Rudolph answered. "They'd fall for anything that stepped off on its left foot."

"We can use them now," Malone explained. "I noticed today that there's a skiff tied alongside their boat."

"At the stern," Rudolph said.

"Go aboard. Make a lot of racket with the girls and I'll be getting away in the skiff. I want to get into Warehouse M from the water without passing the guard at the gate. You can give the girls a good time."

"A guy has to do a lot for his country."

They turned down the French wharf. Against the sky, which hung gray with the reflections of the camp's electric lights, they made out the blunt spars of vessels moored in the slimy water.

They let themselves down silently to the deck. While the sergeant walked boldly toward the lighted door of the deckhouse on the port side, Malone slipped to the starboard. Rudolph was greeting the girls noisily, with a good imitation of that thing which the French called Yank savagery.

The skiff swung at its painter. Malone took one oar from under the thwart. It was a short paddle, not three minutes, to the outer end of the American concrete pier. Here an iron ladder, fixed into the cement, gave him foothold. He made the boat fast to the ladder, and climbing slowly, peered over the parapet. He crawled over the edge of it and lay flat on the cold concrete. He must out-manuever the guard and those others who were in on the sugar theft game.

The three cars of sugar had not left the warehouse on the beef special. Therefore they were still inside on the floor, to be disposed of tonight, or their robbery might

already be accomplished and the floor be bare. In either case the removal of the sugar from the warehouse could be made by water, which would be difficult to accomplish with so many little boats nearby, or by that sealed gate to his right under which ran the old switch track.

Malone sat up slowly on the floor of the pier. He waited for a challenge. When none came, he walked briskly to the track-gate in the rear wall of the warehouse. It still was locked? All right. He would examine the seal on the wooden gate in the wire stockade. He still had a dozen paces to go when he halted abruptly.

At first he thought the shapeless black form on the concrete in front of him was a sentry, crouched waiting there. A dozen suppositions raced through his mind. It was a man. That unexplained sense which is part of the human understanding told him so much. He stared, poised on the balls of his feet.

The dark spot remained inert, a black splash against the gray pavement. Malone lunged forward and dropped to his knees. The man was sprawled on his back. He wore an American uniform, and an officer's garrison cap lay an arm's length from his head. He did not stir. Malone shook him, spoke hoarsely to him, shook him again. Then he knew that this man was dead. His body still was warm. Bending closer, the operator saw indistinctly that there was a wound of some kind on his forehead. He turned on his flashlight.

Thus Malone discovered the man he had come to capture. Major Orcott had been murdered. He lay alone on the cold floor of his wharf, inside the thick gate, while his guards marched properly up and down, five hundred feet away, in front of the enclosure. Blood streaked the left side of his face and his trim uniform was muddy. But his thin hair was still combed properly across the bald spot atop his head. As Malone stepped backward, involuntarily, something shattered under his heel. It was the major's eyeglasses.

He yanked at his whistle and blew three short, low notes. He waved the flashlight once in a circle, keeping his body between it and the sight of any guard in front. From the deck of the fishing boat, he heard Rudolph's voice in reply.

"Hi! Coming, sir!"

Malone looked once more at the body, then he started running, too, toward the sentry in the road. He heard Sergeant Rudolph arguing with him.

"Get the officer of the day," Malone commanded, coming up to them. "Double time."

The officer of the day was a pale young second lieutenant named Trimble. He brought with him a camp medical officer and the frightened sergeant of the guard. They stared down incredulously at the body. Rudolph had been leaning over it.

"No bullet wound, sir," he reported to Malone.

The doctor, after a minute, agreed. "A heavy blow," he added, "on the left side of the head."

"How long's he been dead?" Malone asked.

"Not an hour." The doctor got up from his knees and rubbed his hands together. "Can't give you any closer guess."

Malone looked at his watch. It was twelve minutes past nine.

"I talked to him myself not much more than an hour ago," he said.

The sergeant of the guard volunteered: "We was hunting him pretty soon after them three sugar cars went out, sir. He come in the gate while I was making my first inspection and went right through to his office. But 'long come a civilian askin' for him a little while after that, and nobody could find him."

Malone and Rudolph spoke at once. "What civilian?"

"Why, a big guy. I've see him 'round. Friend of the major's. Limps."

"What did he do?"

"Went to the office."

"Alone?"

"Why, no, sir. The sentry . . . it's No. 3 at that post . . . he wouldn't let him in. Nobody's allowed in alone after sundown. He said he had to see the major particular, so No. 3 hollered and I come double-timing from the guardhouse and went in with him. But we couldn't find him, inside or outside. The big guy was all upset, stamping 'round on his wooden leg. We come back to the road and this big guy goes hoppin' across the street to that wineshop. That's the last I see of him."

"While you were out there, while you were searching one platform and this lame civilian the other, did you hear anything? Commotion? Outcry?"

The sergeant pondered.

"Can't say 's I did," he admitted.

The doctor resumed his examination of the body.

"It wasn't robbery," he told them. "He's got money. Look at it." He held up a roll of bills. "Must be thousands of francs here."

"Take care of it, please, sir?" Malone asked the officer of the day. "Count it and then seal it up."

The doctor shifted the position of Orcott's body. As he did so Malone asked sharply: "What's that? There under him? Move him over a bit, please."

"Just a gull feather," the doctor said. Malone picked it up. It was such a feather as the major's friend Pelier wore in his hat. This discovery caused the lieutenant to pause for a minute. Then he turned his flashlamp on the gate. Its padlock still hung in place and the car seal was unbroken. Rudolph spoke in his ear.

"Where?" Malone asked.

"Right here, sir, right here by the gate."

Malone, instinctively cataloguing facts, estimated the distance from the body to the high gate to be ten yards. There, just inside the fence, the thin, slippery coat of slime, product of army dust and harbor fogs, had been scraped and kicked and rubbed away. Here was explanation of the mud on Orcott's (Continued on page 52)



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Sugar

(Continued from page 51)

blouse. In the midst of it, under the bullseye of the flash, Malone saw a dark stain upon the concrete. It was about the size of his palm.

The doctor, who had followed, bent down and touched it.

"Blood," he agreed. "This is where it happened, then. He could easily have run that far, even farther, before he fell."

Malone still held the gull feather in his hand. He thrust it into his pocket now and looked up shrewdly at the tall gate. Rudolph, observing him, turned his flashlight, too, upon the upper white painted boards.

"Somebody went over," the sergeant decided. "See? Paint's all scratched. Somebody shinned right up. It would take a damn good man to do it. And that's blood there, sir. Yes, sir, sure as hell is. The board splintered, regular saw tooth edge . . . punctured his hand."

"Perhaps," Malone agreed. He tried to reach the top of the fence. He was too short. "Boost me up?" he asked Rudolph.

The sergeant lifted him. Malone swung from the spikes in the top, then jumped. The ground was muddy outside of the stockade. He examined it with his light. There, tramping about the unballasted track, were the fresh marks of men's shoes and of horses' hooves. Horses, too, had knicked and scarred the wooden ties.

He walked some distance down the siding, then returned to the group.

"I'd like to use the major's keys," he told the doctor. "You will find them in his right-hand pocket. Thanks. I saw him put 'em there," he explained. "I'd like to know if you find what weapon killed him."

The doctor shook his head. "That's a hard job," he confessed, leaning down again. "He wasn't very husky," he commented. "If I were to guess, just guess, understand, I'd say that it could have been a fist. An immense fist."

"My guess, too," Malone said.

Followed by Rudolph and the white-faced sergeant of the guard, he made his way to the south track-gate into the warehouse. There on the quai, before entering, he pointed his flashlight at the ties between the tracks. "I noticed this today," he said. "See how they're chewed up? Just like the floors in the eight-horse Pullmans. Horses were used here. It's the same way all along the siding."

In the glare from lights in the roof, Malone and Rudolph saw the three sealed cars standing on the east track, as if still awaiting the beef special. But the string of empties was gone. Malone used his knife on the nearest car seal, then pressed his shoulder against the door. It moved eighteen inches. Rudolph, peering in, ejaculated.

"Sugar!"

"The cargo you thought you were

riding. The empties were sealed, too, before they left. Somewhere up the line somebody besides us, some cheap accomplice, was supposed to break the seals put on by the major."

"But who gets the sugar?"

Malone made an expressive gesture.

"I've heard two civilians talk sugar today."

"It's the lame fellow," Rudolph charged. "Why, he was even wearing a feather! And he had plenty of chance tonight. He was out there on the dock alone while that sergeant was hunting the other side. You can hang him, sir!"

"Mebbe," Malone said. He lighted a cigarette and puffed it a moment, thinking. "Guess you'd better go get Pelier," he decided. "Might look in the wine shop for him. But first this. You'll find some warehouses up the river a half mile. Just where that old siding runs down to the gravel pit. We passed them coming in."

Rudolph admitted: "Didn't notice, sir."

"Search them now."

"For Pelier?"

"Or sugar."

"What if they're locked?"

"You wouldn't let a little lock stop you?"

Malone watched while Rudolph departed heavily, then he set off himself for the French wharf, and boarded Captain Haak's schooner. The giant captain was giving orders in a deep undertone. He carried a lantern in his left hand and its light sprayed on his big bare feet. Malone explained to him that he was wanted to give evidence against Pelier for theft of sugar, and after demurring for a minute the Hollander went with him. They had hardly reached the major's office when Rudolph appeared with Pelier. The Frenchman was handcuffed, but at Malone's insistence the irons were removed.

"What do you desire of me?" the Frenchman demanded hoarsely glaring at Haak who was seated nervously watching Malone. "Why am I here? I know nothing, except grief! The American was my friend!"

Malone raised his eyebrows inquiringly at Rudolph. "You told him the major is dead?"

The sergeant protested. "I did not!"

"I guess you knew it without being told, Pelier," Malone remarked.

The Frenchman gasped. His face was white. There was sweat on the forehead. He wiped away the sweat. Then: "Mon Dieu, to be sure I knew it! Why conceal it? I saw him lying out there! I came to discover why he is late. . . ."

"Late for dinner?" Malone asked gently, then continued. "We've got this matter all figured out, Pelier. Tonight's sugar train went out empty . . . wait a minute, sir! It's not exactly news to you.

It isn't the first train that has been sealed up without a sack of sugar in it. The major's been sending out empty cars regularly and selling you the full ones. We saw the marks of your horses' hooves to-night. You've been driving up that old siding with your nice big white horses and pulling the full cars out the back way. You've got warehouses down that track a little way . . . " he glanced inquiringly at Rudolph. The sergeant nodded. "They're full of American sugar."

Pelier stared. He did not deny it. "But something went wrong tonight," Malone resumed. "Orcott wasn't on hand at the back gate to let you through when you got there with your team. So you came around front to hunt him." He turned swiftly on Captain Haak, lifting his voice.

"Why'd you kill the major, Captain Haak? Why'd you try to put the blame on Pelier? Turn those lights this way, Rudolph." He bent down and looked closely at the seaman's big bare toes. "Lift your foot, Haak, the left one. Lift it." The Hollander stood solidly upon both legs. "We're going to look at that foot if we've got to knock you down," Malone warned.

"Oh?" Haak lifted his foot. Malone seized the big ankle.

"Look here, by the outside of this toe? See that cut? The sliver still is in it." He pinched with thumb and forefinger. "This sliver came out of the rear stockade gate, men." He held it to the light. "Exhibit A. Now let's see your hands, Haak."

The Hollander clasped his great fists behind him.

"Stick 'em up quick!" Rudolph commanded. The captain obeyed.

"Here's the deadly weapon," Malone said smoothly. "Bare knuckles. See the skin cracked?"

Pelier looked. But no one answered. The room was very still.

"You came over that high gate, Haak," Malone accused quietly. "The major was

there, waiting to let Pelier's teams in. You struck him, for some reason."

"Why not him?" The Hollander pointed at Pelier, who cried out a denial.

"For one very good reason," Malone said slowly. "Pelier has a wooden leg. If I couldn't climb such a gate, he couldn't. That let him out of murder from the start."

Rudolph exclaimed. He'd omitted that in his calculations.

"Your major cheated me," Haak said stubbornly. "He take my money for three carload of sugar. Six day ago I pay it. I am to take cargo aboard tonight but when I go today to tell him how, you, a policeman, arrive. So he say later he must let Pelier have this sugar. I go to Pelier and he say I must wait for next load. We have argument in his wineshop but I do not get sugar. So tonight I climb the gate. I see the American there in the dark. He tell me to go away. I am prowler, if I do not go he will shoot. I will not permit him shoot. I hit. Once . . . so. He starts to run. He falls. I shake. No good. He will not get up. I think of this Pelier. He has my sugar, he shall have my blame too. I find this feather. I put it under him."

Suddenly, without warning, he rose massively and started for the open door. But the sergeant of the guard, posted there, was too quick. He tripped him as he stalked forward, before the lifted fist could strike.

"Time for handcuffs now," Malone told Rudolph. He turned on Pelier.

"Your scheme was good," he admitted. "Only Orcott sold the sugar twice. First to Haak, then to you. He took Haak's money, then decided maybe it wasn't altogether healthy to have that Dutch boat alongside his warehouse with the D.C.I. in the offing. So he just kept the money."

Pelier sighed piously.

"That is the trouble with dishonest people," he muttered.

When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 29)

time had no place in March's scheme of war administration.

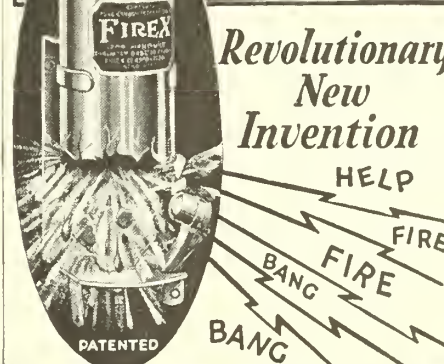
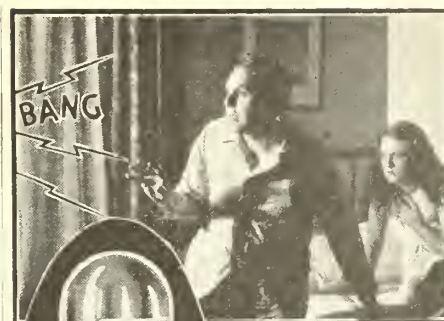
"March 'em!" said March when he was asked how the masses of troops we were loading on transports in the summer and fall of 1918 were to reach the front from the French ports. Hadn't they legs? Foch, Pershing, Lloyd George and Clemenceau were demanding more and more men and March was sending them more and more.

"Nine times out of ten" March's decisions were right. This is a high percentage. Great executives regard five out of six or three out of four as a high average; and two out of three enough for success. "He never let up on us!" said Hurley of the Shipping Board. Other industrial leaders with whom I talked agreed that March

made it clear that the only business of America was to meet the A. E. F.'s calls.

The March grin, in the various interpretations of it, might be taken as appreciation of a joke; or an intimation that he saw through a suggestion and it did not wash; or the prospect pleased him and so, go-ahead; or he was giving a dose of medicine or taking one himself.

"I UNDERSTAND you are teaching the men in the camps to sing," said March soon after he became Chief of Staff to Raymond Fosdick, chairman of the Committee on Training Camp Activities. "We are," said Fosdick. "Stop it!" said March. The business of a soldier was to fight and not to sing. (Continued on page 54)



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When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 53)

Fosdick smiled pleasantly, not at all abashed by March's four stars, yet most considerate of them.

When Fosdick told Baker that March had ordered the cessation of singing instructions in the camps Baker chuckled. This was something to tell Mrs. Baker, who sang now and then at the cantonments.

"I'll speak to the general about that," said Baker.

So the singing instruction was to go on. Perhaps it aided in the singular heartiness and reassurance of "The Gang's All Here," which I heard from our men on the way to the front in France.

When Fosdick went into the Chief of Staff's office after he had taken up the subject with Baker, March grinned, as he gave Fosdick the rapier look and asked:

"Who are you? Crown Prince, viceregent, or what?"

Fosdick disclaimed any pretensions beyond his part in training camp activities.

"Why don't you take rank?" March asked.

Fosdick thought he could do his work better without it.

"How about making you a colonel?"

"No."

"A brigadier-general?"

As either general or colonel, Fosdick would have reported direct to March and, according to strict army etiquette, would have gone through the door on the right instead of the door at the left to the Secretary's office.

"No. In my work I frequently have to talk to the privates, if I am to understand their feelings and needs, and they will be more approachable if I am not an officer."

March grinned. He had Fosdick placed; and Fosdick soon had March placed in admiration for his outspokenness and his driving power in forwarding supplies for the welfare work in France, when the growth of our army in France was out of proportion to huts, canteens, and other facilities. The welfare plan, which, it will be remembered, was one of the two things for which the Secretary of War of the unobtrusive personality thought some credit was due to himself, was now definite in its part of the whole which was clearly developed on the negative.

Every hour not occupied by drill in the camps had opportunities for relaxation and entertainment. Fosdick's oversight was all the range of the welfare activities from the cantonments on the Pacific coast to the "Y" huts and Salvation Army lassies with hot doughnuts for the men coming out of the trenches. The fight against the ancient scourge of armies which was begun on the Mexican border and then introduced in our training camps was continued abroad where it became a problem of Allied relations more delicate than the preservation of the integrity of our Army, the Eastern Expedition the allocation of shipping, or the pool-

ing of supplies. With reference to cleaning up the cribs near the cantonments, and regular houses of prostitution, which did not reach those whom Dr. Abraham Flexner referred to as "complacent sweet-hearts," here is a letter of Baker's to Raymond Fosdick in answer to an anonymous letter which Fosdick had received:

"As this letter is anonymous I cannot tell you the name of the man who has discovered that segregated districts are 'God-provided means' for the prevention of the violation of innocent girls by men who are exercising their 'God-given passions;' but the letter is rather an interesting specimen of muddle-headedness unless, as seems possible, it was written by somebody who would like to have a commercial interest in a tenderloin enterprise."

On the subject of light wines Fosdick had written to Baker as early as September 22, 1917:

"We are beginning to get letters of protest from around the country in regard to the use of wine by American troops in France. These letters assert that the same protection supplied by the enforcement of section 12 (which forbade the soldiers to drink any alcoholic liquors) of the army law should be afforded our men abroad.

"This is a question which in my mind is going to take sheer statesmanship amounting to genius to handle. I am myself pretty well acquainted with France, and as a practical measure I do not see how we can very well forbid the use of wine. It is served and as we serve water in every restaurant and café. Dr. Martin of the Council of National Defense says that such use is outrageous, and is constantly on my coat-tails to get the War Department to do something about it. I am confident that measures can be taken to protect the troops abroad from venereal disease, although I confess I am not quite clear in my mind as to just what measures should be taken. But this question of wine is a different matter.

"I write you at this time because of the presence on my desk of a large number of letters which I don't know how to answer."

To this Baker answered on the 24th, setting Fosdick's doubts at rest with the sanely realistic letter which is reproduced on page twenty-nine.

The "off limits" rule and our policing of towns where we had many soldiers, especially ports, was bound to lead to friction with the French. In some cases the mayors reported the complaints of their constituents about loss of trade. At the outset of Fosdick's report, which he considered might be of "historical value in the future," is printed Clemenceau's letter which expressed officially through the French premier the views of the French government on the subject:

"The presence on French territory, specially in certain important centers, of

American troop agglomerations brings up questions of social hygiene which it is of great importance to solve to the best interest of the health of the Allied troops and of the civilian population.

"Regarding more specially the propagation of venereal diseases, the methods followed so far by the American commandant do not seem to have given good results. In fact, total prohibition of all regulated prostitution in the vicinity of American troops has had for result, in spite of the measures of prophylaxis and discipline taken by the American authorities, the increase of propagation of venereal diseases among the civilian population of the neighborhood."

A long memorandum by Medical Inspector Simonin, Assistant Director of the Social Hygiene program of the French Surgeon General's office, supported Clemenceau's view. M. Simonin quoted the secret note of January 15, 1916, French Headquarters:

"The multiplication of public houses should be discreetly favored and their inmates examined at least every two days by the military physician."

The French hygienist did not go unanswered. Our expert on the subject was Colonel Hugh H. Young, the eminent urologist of Johns Hopkins, who had gone to France with Pershing's pioneer staff.

"The question of morals must not be allowed to enter the discussion. . . . It is our belief that our efforts are bearing fruit and that if the French government will in any region or throughout a territory occupied by the A. E. F. either co-operate heartily with us or, better still, place the policing of a certain region entirely under the control of the American authorities, we will be glad to abide by the results obtained. . . ."

AS THE number of our troops in France increased and we had control of more towns through the sheer fact of our numbers, the accumulating records left no doubt that prophylaxis regulations, when supported by instruction and the threat of courtmartials, were highly successful.

In vain did the local authorities of Brest protest that our soldiers in the huge local embarkation camps should not be precluded from enjoying the company and favors of all the old constituents and the new ones who had flocked from Paris. Not a single American soldier was allowed to leave France or to leave the Army when it reached America until still another inspection had declared him to be free of the ancient scourge of armies and fit to return to civil life.

That part of the great plan which had its beginning in Fosdick's inspection of the conditions on the Mexican border was not the smallest item of the American achievement of 1917-1918. Our army may have sworn as hard as any of our armies of the past but it was the cleanest army in our history. The name of Major-General Merritte W. Ireland, Chief Surgeon of the A. E. F., should be written in letters of gold for his character, his executive ability,

and his leadership in the fine spirit of fellowship among all his regular subordinates and all the reserve medical officers. Theirs was truly a corps d'elite.

IT WAS at one of the intimate gatherings in the Secretary's office, in relaxation after the long day's work was over, that those present that evening decided to take the intelligence test for the soldiers. Baker and March were not displeased to find that they passed nearly one hundred percent; but others who did not do so well were sure that they had intellectual capabilities that could not be sounded by such a limited and unimaginative academic analysis.

Baker's routine continued the same that it had been since our entry into the war, between the little house in Georgetown and his office. The whispering gallery still centered its fire on him for our conduct of the war both at home and abroad, which was valuable protection for all the other war-chiefs from interference. One of the favorite hints of the whispering gallery, this being too impolitic for publication, was that Baker was a Jew who had deserted the faith of his ancestors to become an Episcopalian. It happened that he was born an Episcopalian, of English, Scotch, Irish, and German stock, long resident in America. Where the story started is as immaterial as the origin of the one, when all the races were claiming Theodore Roosevelt as their own, that he had Jewish blood.

The word was even passed among those whom it pleased that Roosevelt's original name was Rosenfeldt. Possibly the legend was based on Roosevelt's having a Jew as a member of his Cabinet and his preachment of the "square deal" and his concern with a man as to what kind of man he was, regardless of his origin, which was a doctrine that Baker had inevitably applied in the melting pot of Cleveland and became the gospel of the draft. If Baker was not a Jew then certainly Mrs. Baker was. As she has fair hair and blue eyes, this was stretching the whispering gallery's license farther than in the case of her dark-haired husband.

Colonel Harvey in *Harvey's Weekly* was saying on August 18th, ten days after Ludendorff's "Black Day," "It is impossible that this pacifist has any realization of the responsibility . . . of guaranteeing our soldiers every safeguard." It was in this issue that the colonel, himself wading in blood in the trenches, published a double page cartoon in which Baker was shown on one page sitting in his chair, oblivious of the soldiers who were pictured in battle on the other page.

On September 14th, after our victory at St. Mihiel, just as the Allied general offensive was to begin in earnest, Colonel Harvey wrote: "Plans of the War Department are breaking down. . . . lack of a head capable of making a broad survey of the Nation's needs. . . . At every turn the men who are preparing to win the war find complacency substituted for prescience and preparedness." (Continued on page 57)



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9-31

When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 55)

"On each Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock," Baker wrote to the President, "there is a conference in the War Department attended by Mr. Schwab, Mr. Hurley, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Baruch, Mr. Franklin, General March and one or two others for about one-half hour. The progress of the war is exhibited and explained in statistical form by a series of charts. A general round-table conference is held, covering the whole range of supplies, transportation, ships, etc."

Baker told the President how welcome he would be if he were disposed to drop in on one of these conferences. "I think that you would get a better idea of the way we try to keep together and obtain a common birds-eye view of the whole situation that you could not see in any other way."

In place of all the committees that labored through the heat of the previous Washington summer, here was the supreme committee meeting for only half an hour. At these meetings Baruch spoke for the War Industries Board.

I have read no more interesting minutes in all my research than the minutes of the War Industries Board in the height of our war effort, when the machine was running at full speed. Baruch presided over the meetings not as a dictator—and all the successful dictators were of that type—but as the chairman and adjuster of differences, when the giants and experts in every industry, in all the products from under the earth and all the things that grow thereon, and of forge and loom, reported their difficulties.

And the king product was steel. There must be steel for guns, for railroad cars and rails, for all sorts of rifles, tanks and helmets and motor trucks, and to fill the orders of the Allies, while Farrell, Grace, Campbell and the other makers reported that their works could run at only one hundred percent capacity, and then if they had ore, coal, and labor enough. Walter S. Gifford, a pioneer of industrial preparedness who had done a wonderful job as director of the Council of National Defense for nearly two years, had by July, 1918, been sent to Paris to help co-ordinate the demands for guns which the various nations were making on the Interallied Munitions Council.

And peremptory demand was from Hurley of the Shipping Board and Schwab of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. P. A. S. Franklin, who was also at the Washington meetings in Baker's office, was our most experienced shipping man. Labor must not wait for the fabricated shapes for the steel ships at our new shipyards where riveting races were on between our shipyards and the British. Our first contract ship had been built in less than six months. The fabricated ships were all right, the wooden ships not so useful; and the experiment with the concrete ships suffi-

ciently enlightening so that no more were undertaken. The actual deliveries of contract and requisitioned ships had been 870,000 tons by July 1, 1918.

All but five percent of cargo for our troops in France was carried in American bottoms. Every man we sent to France was not only one man to supply for a day or a week but for as long as he remained there. We had shipped nearly three hundred thousand more men in May than April, but had sent less army cargo than in April, and three hundred thousand in June with only one hundred thousand more tons of army cargo. The turn around of troop ships had decreased in ratio until it was one-half that of cargo. The *Leviathan* was averaging far less than twenty-seven days and other liners, the *Great Northern* and *Northern Pacific*, a day or two less, while cargo ships were taking an average of seventy days. It was much simpler for a soldier to walk on and off a ship than to load and unload his supplies. Slow evacuation at French ports was distressing the War Department; and it was owing largely to want of inland transport in France.

Through June, July and August the fact of the slowness of evacuation in France and the evident failure of all plans to co-ordinate the supply service at home with that abroad was causing alarm in the War Department, which, in face of the crisis of the German offensives, continued to crowd every available transport with troops. Pershing, whose divisions were scattered along the whole French line, was now concentrating a number of them in the battle area and had to give his attention to active command in battle. He could not as traveling commander of the traveling army, in addition to his Allied negotiations, make frequent trips along the three hundred miles of the American line of communications. Out of this situation arose the "Goethals incident," which caused such a sensation and so much indignation over interference from home in staff circles of the A. E. F., although it was all above the heads of the men at the front. On July 6, 1918, Baker was writing to Pershing:

"The President and I have had several conferences about your situation in France, both of us desiring in every possible way to relieve you of unnecessary burdens, but of course to leave you with all the authority necessary to secure the best results from your forces and to supply all the support and assistance we possibly can. As the American troops in France become more and more numerous and the battle initiative on some parts of the front passes to you, the purely military part of your task will necessarily take more and more of your time, and both the President and I want to feel that the planning and executing of military undertakings has your personal consideration (Continued on page 58)

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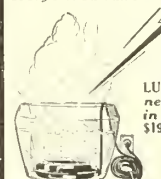
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When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 57)

and that your mind is free for that as far as possible.

"The American people think of you as their 'fighting general,' and I want them to have that idea more and more brought home to them. For these reasons, it seems to me that if some plan could be devised by which you would be free from any necessity of giving attention to services of supply it would help, and one plan in that direction which suggested itself was to send General Goethals over to take charge of the Services of Supply, establishing a direct relationship between him and Washington, and allowing you to rely upon him just as you would rely upon the supply departments of the War Department if your military operations were being conducted in America, instead of in France.

"Such a plan would place General Goethals rather in a co-ordinate than a subordinate relationship to you, but of course it would transfer all of the supply responsibilities from you to him and you could then forget about docks, railroads, storage houses, and all the other vast industrial undertakings to which up to now you have given a good deal of your time and, as you know, we all think with superb success. I would be grateful if you would think the problem over and tell me quite frankly just what you think on the subject. The President and I will consider your reply together, and you may rely upon our being guided only by confidence in your judgment and the deep desire to aid you."

Stettinius had been suggested for the post which was to have been given to Goethals, but Baker had concluded that as he was a banker without military rank, he would better represent us on the inter-allied munitions council, which was more in line with the war work he had been doing.

Baker's letter started Pershing to writing very vigorously on the pad on which he blocked out important papers in pencil. This cable in answer was marked "RUSH RUSH RUSH" across the top:

" . . . I very much appreciate your desire to relieve me of every burden that might interfere with the direction of military operations period. However, there appears to be an exaggerated view concerning the personal attention required in handling the details of administration of this command. . . . The whole must remain absolutely under one head period. Any division of responsibility or co-ordinate control in any sense would be fatal period. The man who fights the armies must control their supply through subordinates responsible to him alone period. The responsibility is then fixed and the possibility of conflicting authority avoided period. This military principle is vital and cannot be violated without inviting failure. . . . When it becomes necessary for me to be constantly at the front I shall re-

tain general control through the General Staff. . . . General Kernan [who was then in command of the Service of Supply] has worked very hard but has not all the qualifications necessary for success."

Kernan, the commander of the S. O. S. who had been Pershing's original choice for the place, was being sent to Berne in charge of the mission to look after the interests of American prisoners in Germany.

Fully aroused now to the problem of the A. E. F., to which, in his other preoccupations, he had been unable to give personal attention, Pershing in turn was seeking a driver for the machine which Kernan had formed and he had not, as a military commander, to wait on the passage of the Overman Act, as in the case of our drivers at home.

The man was there as he was there as pioneer Chief of Staff, and in Belleau Wood. After his division had been in the offensive that turned the tide against the Germans on July 18th, Harbord was now summoned to G. H. Q. and Pershing put the seal on his cable of objection to the Goethals plan by saying that "Harbord has already been selected for this duty . . . is young, active, an able executive. With him in command of the Service of Supply I shall be able to devote myself to military operations." Harbord if not Goethals; that was reassuring to the Secretary of War who, the main purpose accomplished, kept to his policy in meeting the wishes of the Commander-in-Chief. And still we continued pouring men into France out of proportion to our cargo capacity to supply them, even if Harbord did accomplish wonders in more rapid evacuation of the ports.

THE outside and the inside view! Under "A Grave Situation," Harvey was writing in *Harvey's Weekly* on September 14th: "Meanwhile Mr. Baker deserts his post" and also, "From where are the ships to come?" On Baker's previous trip abroad Harvey had welcomed his departure as taking the brake off the War Department. Baker had gone to get the ships when Harvey was calling for five million men in France to prevent the loss of the war. Evidently Harvey was thinking of the War Department's failure to meet the 100-division program. But by this time the Allies knew that they were winning the war; the truth of Ludendorff's premonition on the "Black Day" had come through the German lines. It was read in the faces of the German prisoners taken by the French and British as the Germans prepared to shorten their line by withdrawal from Eastern France and Belgium. There was no longer a crisis to maintain British interest in supplying ships to feed our troops who were pouring into France. Every month tens of thousands of American troops were set down at French ports

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by transports. This despite a nation-wide Spanish influenza epidemic during the summer and fall of 1918 which for a time bade fair to cripple plans for home training of troops, and actually held up the sending of new draft increments to camps.

The Secretary of War had become an ambassador. He was sending a cablegram to the President from abroad on September 23d saying: "The British have definitely allotted us 200,000 of deadweight tons and these ships will be immediately diverted to us." And with the President's approval he was arranging that the British would continue to allocate the tonnage additional to our own "necessary for constant maintenance for such American forces as are already in Europe from time to time." The British had the shipping to spare now that the submarine menace was in hand.

In his issue of October 12th Harvey was saying about Baker: "He went up to see the big show soon as he arrived, but probably did not stay very long for fear of getting lost or somebody inadvertently stepping on him. The last we heard he was inspecting hospitals, huts, etc., somewhere in Europe, and talking so softly and happily in his sleep, for publication, that maybe the President will either let or make him stay." While Baker made the pleasant speeches of a visiting Allied statesman, he was negotiating for the ships when, instead of the 800,000 men that had been Pershing's ambition by September 1918, we had more than twice that number in France.

The "big show" that Baker saw was the battle of St. Mihiel. Pershing's dream of his American Army had come true; the slow, sure, determined plougher had the reward of his patience. The man in the derby hat now saw the object of the great plan of the early spring of 1917 achieved as the First, Second, Fourth, Fifth, 26th, 42d, 82d, 80th and 90th divisions caught the Germans unready before they began their evacuation, and swept forward to take 16,000 prisoners and 443 guns, in addition to a great accumulation of material. He saw an American army 3,000 miles from home and 700 miles from a French port, with the organization for battle complete. American gunners; American staffs directing the troop movements; the long lines of motor trucks with the military police directing the traffic; the big American ambulances bearing the wounded back to the American hospital trains which ran to the hospitals we had built, where American nurses were on duty. The American world in France was functioning from ports where stevedores from the liners were handling cargo and the giant American cranes were installed on American built docks, on through the base and intermediate zones and to the rolling kitchens and the new won front.

Mont Sec, which had grimly looked down on so many of our soldiers in their early trench experiences, was now behind our lines. The Secretary of War was walking through the shell-torn town of St. Mihiel, which had (Continued on page 60)

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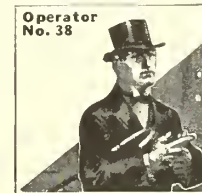
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When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 59)

been in German possession for four years.

"Lafayette, we are here!" President Poincaré's home was no longer in possession of the enemy; and the ancestral home of Lafayette, whose descendant, Colonel de Chambrun, was with Baker, was also in Allied hands. As they came to the Lafayette home, Baker paused outside, thinking that, on an occasion so touchingly personal and intimate, de Chambrun would prefer to be alone, as he noted what damage the Germans had done. When he came out he brought to Baker a steel engraving of the Marquis de Lafayette in memory of the significance of the occasion.

The man in the derby hat while avoiding being "inadvertently stepped upon" was seeing not only the front, not only negotiating for ships from the British; he was seeing the whole plant of the A. E. F. again, all that Harbord and his workers had accomplished in their part in the victory and in preparation for the coming battle of the Meuse-Argonne, which was begun before he left France. But there is an incident worth mentioning. When it was proposed to him on this trip, a month before the war was over, that the American Army change its uniform, he replied: "Not unless you can convince me it will help us to win the war."

At Brest, before he embarked, and

when Pershing was driving his divisions forward in the second stage of the Meuse-Argonne battle, Rear Admiral H. B. Wilson, in command of our naval forces in France, sent him a note saying that the local paper had just received a dispatch that "Germany, Austria, and Turkey propose an armistice and declare themselves ready to negotiate for peace based on the fourteen points of President Wilson."

The news rapidly spread. There was victory in the air. The Allies were rapidly advancing; the pegs now moving the right way from day to day on the map, although a month was to pass before the Armistice was signed. As Baker went up the gangway of his ship, hundreds of American soldiers were looking down on him. But he did not raise his head. Raymond Fosdick, who was with him for the return trip, rounded on him after they were on board:

"There's no doing anything with you," said Fosdick. "Why didn't you raise your hand to them? They were spoiling for a chance to cheer somebody."

"I was afraid they would cheer me," Baker replied.

What was a Secretary of War for? Not to receive the hurrahs when our soldiers were fighting in the Meuse-Argonne.

(To be concluded)

A Man In A Million

(Continued from page 33)

found dead in Bellinger's farmhouse home with a bullet hole in his head. Five persons told of hearing the shot which killed Bellinger. A revolver containing one empty cartridge was found outside a window. Bellinger's forehead bore a wound other than that made by the bullet.

Came Mr. Detzer from his home at Leland, Michigan, where he has written repeated tales of murder in the A. E. F. Said Mr. Detzer, it was suicide. The tangled web of apparent murder had spun from a parent's effort to protect the name of the dead youth; the boy's father admitted having tossed the revolver from the window after discovering the body, in the hope that the manner of death might remain a mystery.

Mr. Detzer motored back to his lake-front cottage and his typewriter. Interruptions are not infrequent. A few summers ago, Mr. Detzer left his fireside and typewriter for a few hours to save victims of a shipwreck.

Added to Strength

GENERAL JAMES G. HARBORD in July accepted from National Commander Ralph T. O'Neil appointment as a

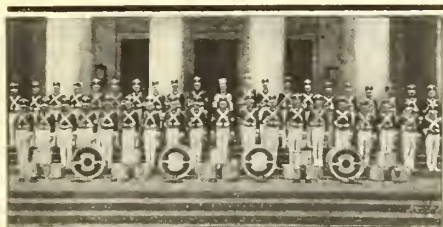
director of the Legion Publishing Corporation, the body through which the million stockholder-members of The American Legion conduct the publication of The American Legion Monthly. General Harbord is the latest of fourteen members of the corporation's board of directors, the others including well-known leaders of the Legion and men prominent as American business executives.

General Harbord was Chief of Staff of the A. E. F. until May 5, 1917. He commanded the Marine Brigade near Château-Thierry in June and July of 1918 and the Second Division in the Soissons Offensive in July. He was Commanding General of the S. O. S. from July 29, 1918, until May 26, 1919, when he was reappointed Chief of Staff of the A. E. F.

As chairman of the board of Radio Corporation of America, General Harbord is a commanding figure of American industry.

Golf and Bowling

HOW many golf players and how many bowlers among 100,000 average Americans? The Detroit convention committee thinks every other Legionnaire bowls or swings a golf club, and it is being sur-



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prised by the number of entries being received for the bowling and golf tournaments which will be played during the convention, September 21st to 24th. Frank G. Mitzel, committee secretary, sends word there is still time for entries. Information on either tournament may be had from The American Legion Convention Corporation, 2515 Barlum Tower, Detroit.

Georgia Hero

EDGAR B. DUNLAP, of Gainesville, National Executive Committeeman for the Georgia Department, has received most of the honors his department could bestow upon him. But his biggest moment, departmentally speaking, came when the annual convention, at La Grange, in July, adopted by rising vote a resolution praising his 11-year-old son, James Anderson Dunlap, for saving from drowning 9-year-old June Smith, daughter of Legionnaire Sidney O. Smith. "We note with satisfaction that he is a chip off the old block," the resolution recited, writes C. R. Hammond, Commander of Paul E. Bolding Post of Gainesville.

Postscripts

FAST walkers from far and near, pros, semi-pros and amateurs, will take part in the Atlantic City 50,000-meter walk on September 5th under the auspices of Mays Landing (New Jersey) Post, which expects 500,000 persons to witness the finish . . . Three girls and two boys who wrote prize essays in New Kensington (Pennsylvania) Post's school competition were the post's guests for five days in Washington, D. C. . . Dr. D. W. Scott, prominent citizen of Cambridge, Ohio, presented to Cambridge Post his large home and an adjoining building and remodeled both structures for use as the post's clubhouse . . . Zachary Taylor Post of St. Matthews, Kentucky, holds Memorial Day services annually at the tomb of Zachary Taylor, twelfth President of the United States . . . Legionnaires and members of the Auxiliary wore costumes of the Revolutionary War period and other historic periods at the Memorial Day observance of The American Legion Auxiliary in Pittsfield, Massachusetts . . .

The Roll Call

SETH T. BAILEY was one of the earliest members of The American Legion in Oakland, California, and more recently served as editor of the Oregon Legionnaire . . . Karl W. Detzer is a member of Bowen-Holliday Post of Traverse City, Michigan . . . Ralph T. O'Neil, National Commander of The American Legion, belongs to Capitol Post of Topeka, Kansas . . . Rupert Hughes has long been a member of Los Angeles (California) Post . . . Frederick Palmer is one of many writers who belong to S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City.

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20x26	1.75	28x46	2.40
20x28	2.00	28x48	2.40
20x30	2.25	28x50	2.40
20x32	2.50	28x52	2.40
20x34	2.75	28x54	2.40
20x36	3.00	28x56	2.40
20x38	3.25	28x58	2.40
20x40	3.50	28x60	2.40
20x42	3.75	28x62	2.40
20x44	4.00	28x64	2.40
20x46	4.25	28x66	2.40
20x48	4.50	28x68	2.40
20x50	4.75	28x70	2.40
20x52	5.00	28x72	2.40
20x54	5.25	28x74	2.40
20x56	5.50	28x76	2.40
20x58	5.75	28x78	2.40
20x60	6.00	28x80	2.40
20x62	6.25	28x82	2.40
20x64	6.50	28x84	2.40
20x66	6.75	28x86	2.40
20x68	7.00	28x88	2.40
20x70	7.25	28x90	2.40
20x72	7.50	28x92	2.40
20x74	7.75	28x94	2.40
20x76	8.00	28x96	2.40
20x78	8.25	28x98	2.40
20x80	8.50	28x100	2.40
20x82	8.75	28x102	2.40
20x84	9.00	28x104	2.40
20x86	9.25	28x106	2.40
20x88	9.50	28x108	2.40
20x90	9.75	28x110	2.40
20x92	10.00	28x112	2.40
20x94	10.25	28x114	2.40
20x96	10.50	28x116	2.40
20x98	10.75	28x118	2.40
20x100	11.00	28x120	2.40
20x102	11.25	28x122	2.40
20x104	11.50	28x124	2.40
20x106	11.75	28x126	2.40
20x108	12.00	28x128	2.40
20x110	12.25	28x130	2.40
20x112	12.50	28x132	2.40
20x114	12.75	28x134	2.40
20x116	13.00	28x136	2.40
20x118	13.25	28x138	2.40
20x120	13.50	28x140	2.40
20x122	13.75	28x142	2.40
20x124	14.00	28x144	2.40
20x126	14.25	28x146	2.40
20x128	14.50	28x148	2.40
20x130	14.75	28x150	2.40
20x132	15.00	28x152	2.40
20x134	15.25	28x154	2.40
20x136	15.50	28x156	2.40
20x138	15.75	28x158	2.40
20x140	16.00	28x160	2.40
20x142	16.25	28x162	2.40
20x144	16.50	28x164	2.40
20x146	16.75	28x166	2.40
20x148	17.00	28x168	2.40
20x150	17.25	28x170	2.40
20x152	17.50	28x172	2.40
20x154	17.75	28x174	2.40
20x156	18.00	28x176	2.40
20x158	18.25	28x178	2.40
20x160	18.50	28x180	2.40
20x162	18.75	28x182	2.40
20x164	19.00	28x184	2.40
20x166	19.25	28x186	2.40
20x168	19.50	28x188	2.40
20x170	19.75	28x190	2.40
20x172	20.00	28x192	2.40
20x174	20.25	28x194	2.40
20x176	20.50	28x196	2.40
20x178	20.75	28x198	2.40
20x180	21.00	28x200	2.40
20x182	21.25	28x202	2.40
20x184	21.50	28x204	2.40
20x186	21.75	28x206	2.40
20x188	22.00	28x208	2.40
20x190	22.25	28x210	2.40
20x192	22.50	28x212	2.40
20x194	22.75	28x214	2.40
20x196	23.00	28x216	2.40
20x198	23.25	28x218	2.40
20x200	23.50	28x220	2.40
20x202	23.75	28x222	2.40
20x204	24.00	28x224	2.40
20x206	24.25	28x226	2.40
20x208	24.50	28x228	2.40
20x210	24.75	28x230	2.40
20x212	25.00	28x232	2.40
20x214	25.25	28x234	2.40
20x216	25.50	28x236	2.40
20x218	25.75	28x238	2.40
20x220	26.00	28x240	2.40
20x222	26.25	28x242	2.40
20x224	26.50	28x244	2.40
20x226	26.75	28x246	2.40
20x228	27.00	28x248	2.40
20x230	27.25	28x250	2.40
20x232	27.50	28x252	2.40
20x234	27.75	28x254	2.40
20x236	28.00	28x256	2.40
20x238	28.25	28x258	2.40
20x240	28.50	28x260	2.40
20x242	28.75	28x262	2.40
20x244	29.00	28x264	2.40
20x246	29.25	28x266	2.40
20x248	29.50	28x268	2.40
20x250	29.75	28x270	2.40
20x252	30.00	28x272	2.40
20x254	30.25	28x274	2.40
20x256	30.50	28x276	2.40
20x258	30.75	28x278	2.40
20x260	31.00	28x280	2.40
20x262	31.25	28x282	2.40
20x264	31.50	28x284	2.40
20x266	31.75	28x286	2.40
20x268	32.00	28x288	2.40
20x270	32.25	28x290	2.40
20x272	32.50	28x292	2.40
20x274	32.75	28x294	2.40
20x276	33.00	28x296	2.40
20x278	33.25	28x298	2.40
20x280	33.50	28x300	2.40
20x282	33.75	28x302	2.40
20x284	34.00	28x304	2.40
20x286	34.25	28x306	2.40
20x288	34.50	28x308	2.40
20x290	34.75	28x310	2.40
20x292	35.00	28x312	2.40
20x294	35.25	28x314	2.40
20x296	35.50	28x316	2.40
20x298	35.75	28x318	2.40
20x300	36.00	28x320	2.40
20x302	36.25	28x322	2.40
20x304	36.50	28x324	2.40
20x306	36.75	28x326	2.40
20x308	37.00	28x328	2.40
20x310	37.25	28x330	2.40
20x312	37.50	28x332	2.40
20x314	37.75	28x334	2.40
20x316	38.00	28x336	2.40
20x318	38.25	28x338	2.40
20x320	38.50	28x340	2.40
20x322	38.75	28x342	2.40
20x324	39.00	28x344	2.40
20x326	39.25	28x346	2.40
20x328	39.50	28x348	2.40
20x330	39.75	28x350	2.40
20x332	40.00	28x352	2.40
20x334	40.25	28x354	2.40
20x336	40.50	28x356	2.40
20x338	40.75	28x358	2.40
20x340	41.00	28x360	2.40
20x342	41.25	28x362	2.40
20x344	41.50	28x364	2.40
20x346	41.75	28x366	2.40
20x348	42.00	28x368	2.40
20x350	42.25	28x370	2.40
20x352	42.50	28x372	2.40
20x354	42.75	28x374	2.40
20x356	43.00	28x376	2.40
20x358	43.25	28x378	2.40
20x360	43.50	28x380	2.40
20x362	43.75	28x382	2.40
20x364	44.00	28x384	2.40
20x366	44.25	28x386	2.40
20x368	44.50	28x388	2.40
20x370	44.75	28x390	2.40
20x372	45.00	28x392	2.40
20x374	45.25	28x394	2.40
20x376	45.50	28x396	2.40
20x378	45.75	28x398	2.40
20x380	46.00	28x400	2.40
20x382	46.25	28x402	2.40
20x384	46.50	28x404	2.40
20x386	46.75	28x406	2.40
20x388	47.00	28x408	2.40
20x390	47.25	28x410	2.40
20x392	47.50	28x412	2.40
20x394	47.75	28x414	2.40
20x396	48.00	28x416	2.40
20x398	48.25	28x418	2.40
20x400	48.50	28x420	2.40
20x402	48.75	28x422	2.40
20x404	49.00	28x424	2.40
20x406	49.25	28x426	2.40
20x408	49.50	28x428	2.40
20x410	49.75	28x430	2.40
20x412	50.00	28x432	2.40
20x414	50.25	28x434	2.40
20x416	50.50	28x436	2.40
20x418	50.75	28x438	2.40
20x420	51.00	28x440	2.40
20x422	51.25	28x442	2.40
20x424	51.50	28x444	2.40
20x426	51.75	28x446	2.40
20x428	52.00	28x448	2.40
20x430	52.25	28x450	2.40
20x432	52.50	28x452	2.40
20x434	52.75	28x454	2.40
20x436	53.00	28x456	2.40
20x438	53.25	28x458	2.40
20x440	53.50	28x460	2.40
20x442	53.75	28x462	2.40
20x444	54.00	28x464	2.40
20x446	54.25	28x466	2.40
20x448	54.50	28x468	2.40
20x450	54.75	28x470	2.40
20x452	55.00	28x472	2.40
20x454	55.25	28x474	2.40
20x456	55.50	28x476	2.40
20x458	55.75	28x478	2.40
20x460	56.00	28x480	2.40
20x462	56.25	28x482	2.40
20x464	56.50	28x484	2.40
20x466	56.75	28x486	2.40
20x468	57.00	28x488	2.40
20x470	57.25	28x490	2.40
20x472	57.50	28x492	2.40
20x474	57.75	28x494	2.40
20x476	58.00	28x496	2.40
20x478	58.25	28x498	2.40
20x480	58.50	28x500	2.40
20x482	58.75	28x502	2.40
20x484	59.00	28x504	2.40
20x486	59.25	28x506	2.40
20x488	59.50	28x508	2.40
20x490	5		

101ST INF., 26TH Div.—Convention and reunion, Clinton, Mass., Sept. 12. Write to S.ey. of Reunion Comm., 92 High st., Clinton.

107TH INF., (former 7th N. Y. N. G.)—Annual reunion and dinner, 107th Inf. Post, The American Legion, Hotel Astor, New York City, Sept. 29. Walter V. Flynn, 643 Park av., New York City.

316TH INF.—Twelfth annual reunion, Elks Club, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 26. Raymond Cullen, secy., 6562 Windsor av., Philadelphia.

114TH M. G. BN.—Reunion dinner, Chamber of Commerce, Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 7, during Legion department convention. Oscar L. Farris, 201 Chamber of Commerce, Nashville.

322d F. A.—Annual reunion, Toledo, Ohio, Sept. 19. John Schimmel, secy., 616 Church st., Toledo.

308TH MOTOR SUP. TRN. VETS. ASSOC.—Sixth annual reunion, Warren, Ohio, Sept. 5-7. Carl L. Feelele, 1353 Mahoning av., N. W., Warren.

135TH OBS. SQDRN., A. E. F.—Reunion during Legion department convention, Long Beach, Calif., Aug. 31-Sept. 2. Col. Otto E. Sandman, Bank of Italy bldg., Stockton, Calif.

BASE HOSP. 113—Reunion during Legion department convention, Enid, Okla., Sept. 6-8. J. H. Simmering, Hunter, Okla.

EVAC. HOSP. 13—Annual reunion, Toledo, O., Sept. 5-7. Leo J. Bell, secy., 808 Ash st., Toledo, O.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 22—Third reunion, Hollenden Hotel, Cleveland, Ohio, Sept. 12-13. Paul E. Des Jardins, secy., Lapeer, Mich.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 600 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

1ST M. G. BN., Co. B, 1ST Div.—Former members who served with Wagoner Edward R. CAMPBELL, deceased, can assist his widow in establishing government claim.

50TH SPRUCE SQDRN., CAMP 4 C (Washington State)—Former members, including C. C. NEWMAN, B. B. CLOWER, M. SHPARAGO, Roy FIELDING, J. DUBIN, M. MCCANAHAN and Lt. JONES; and M. MCNELLY of 451st Aero Constr. Sqdrn., stationed on the North Nemah, who recall injury to R. S. BERRUM.

319TH F. A., BTRY. B, 82d Div.—Statements from former officers and men, including Capt. James J. GILCHRIST, Med. Corps, and 1st Lt. Oma E. HERN- DON, who recall Ignac NAWROCKI being badly gassed

and shell-shocked and contracting bronchitis and asthma, in Meuse-Argonne, Sept., 1918. Was treated in Field Hosp., and also in Base Hosp. in Bordeaux between Sept., 1918, and Feb., 1919—also received hospital treatment in Camp Dix, N. J., Pittsburgh and Philadelphia.

151ST INF., SUP. Co., 38th Div., Camp Shel y, Miss.—Affidavits from former officers, non-commissioned officers and men, including Capt. John S. SARGENT and Lts. MORRIS, FISHER and WILBUR, to support compensation claim of Arnold HUYER.

16TH INF., Co. D, 1ST Div.—Martin J. GNIER requires statements from former officers and men, particularly 1st Bn. medical officer and 1st Sgt. ROUAN, who remember double hernia operation he had after being sent to hospital Sept. 26, 1918, from Souilly, France.

CALLAHAN, Edward J.—Pvt., C. A. C., from July, 1918, to Dec., 1918; 44 years old, blue eyes, gray hair, very bald, all upper teeth extracted, ruddy complexion, 5 ft. 6½ in. Missing three years.

5TH CAV., TROOP D—Charles F. WILLIAMS who served at Ft. Grant and Ft. Hoachwen, Arizona, from 1904 to 1907, requires affidavits from former comrades to establish pension claim.

MOTOR TRANSPORT Co. 460—Men who recall spine injury suffered by Norman SMITH at Brest, France.

100TH F. A., BTRY. C—Former officers and men who recall injury to knee suffered by Alexander KINES.

MACHINE SHOP TRUCK UNIT 405—Former non-commissioned officers and privates who recall disability suffered by Ray NUNLEY, sgt. iel.

BASE HOSPS. Nos. 116 and 42, Bazoilles, France—Former doctors and nurses who recall Roy GISH, a patient between June 18 and Aug. 17, 1918, suffering from acromegaly. His hospital records have been lost.

20TH INF., Co. I—Former members, particularly "Shorty" REARDON, who recall seeing John F. BAUER fall off street car in Salt Lake City near the fort.

RAMSEY, Cecil R., serial 1169088, Pvt., iel., Med. Corps. Disappeared from base hosp., Brownsville, Tex., Sept. 2, 1918. Anyone who can furnish information can assist his mother with claim for insurance and adjusted compensation.

114TH M. G. BN., Co. C, 30TH Div.—Ex-Color Sgt. John B. OWEN desires to hear from Bert K. HENSON and Thomas J. O'DELL, color guards, who were with his outfit upon arrival in Liverpool, Eng.

317TH AERO SQDRN., A. E. F.—Former 1st Lt. MORGAN (Ray T.) can assist H. S. PARRISH.

328TH INF., Co. D, 82d Div.—Affidavits required by Odum C. FORRESTER from former officers and medical officers, including Maj. Jackson H. BARNETT, Capt. Duncan M. DRAUGHN and Harold H. FREUND, and 1st Lts. Leon L. FOLSOM, John J. BENDICK, Frank I. BUCKNER, Edw. B. JONES and Leo E. REISMANN.

52D C. A. C., BTRY. I—Statements from men who served with Eugene J. GILBERT, particularly at Ft. Barrancas, Pensacola, Fla.

The Company Clerk
JOHN J. NOLL

The Legion Has Kept Its Pledge

(Continued from page 15)

concern the Veterans Bureau, decentralized with regional offices in fifty-four cities. Frequently the post service officer deals directly with the regional office in his locality and the case is satisfactorily settled there. But usually there is a collaboration of effort between the post service officer and the department service officer of the Legion. Of the forty-nine Legion Departments in the continental United States, thirty-eight have Legion service offices with salaried staffs. If the state officer fails to obtain results from the Regional Office and the case seems worthy, an appeal is taken to one of the four appellate boards of the Bureau, located in New York, Chicago, New Orleans and San Francisco. On such appeals the National Rehabilitation Committee of the Legion comes into the picture if it has not done so before.

In each of these cities and also in Denver and in Boston the Committee maintains field secretaries whose principal duty is to represent the veteran in such appeals. When the appeal finally reaches Washington, the claimant is represented by the staff experts or consultants of the National Rehabilitation Committee, whose quarters occupy an entire floor of an office

building in the capital. In Washington the issue is settled one way or another. A decision may be a matter of days or a matter of years. If the case seems deserving the Legion will keep it alive. It will spend a thousand dollars to win a claim of a thousand dollars if it is just, and has done so. But ordinarily the cost of effort is not disproportionate to the awards. The face value of awards for eleven months of the present fiscal year in which the Legion represented the claimant was \$5,683,434. Awards of record last year were \$5,013,761 and in no year since 1923 have they fallen lower than \$1,679,000.

I shall summarize the record of an individual case in which the Legion's efforts were recently crowned with some success. It is in no respect an unusual or complicated case. For obvious reasons a fictitious name is used.

At the close of the St. Mihiel drive in September, 1918, a certain infantry company was badly shot up during a raid on the enemy's line. The survivors were resting under a tree behind our lines when a shell burst in front of them. Private Smith was peppered with shrapnel. Discharged with a useless (Continued on page 64)

Hotter than Coal and no dirt



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Do away forever with the drudgery of wood or coal. The most simple and economical invention on the market is now giving perfect satisfaction to enthusiastic users everywhere.



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The International Oil Burner fits in the fire box of any range, stove or furnace. Installed in a few minutes. No noisy motor or complicated parts.



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Heats just as well as a \$400 or \$500 oil burner without electricity or gas. Simply turn one valve and you have all the heat you want. Cleaner and better for heating and cooking. Approved by National Underwriters' Laboratories and engineers everywhere. Over 150,000 in use.



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RAISE CHINCHILLA

AND NEW ZEALAND WHITE FUR RABBITS

Make Big Money—We Supply Stock AND CONTRACT FOR ALL YOU RAISE

Paying up to \$6.50 each. Large illustrated book, catalog and contract, also copy of Fur Farming Magazine, all for 10 cents. STAHL'S OUTDOOR ENTERPRISE CO., Box 102-A, Holmes Park, Mo.

WANTED: SERVICE MEN

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24 K. Gold. Not a pin. Bar slides into collar.

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AGENTS

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Every time you walk, run, stand, sit, bend, twist or lean over, Director applies a gentle, changing pressure upon the fat at the waistline and causes it to become scattered and absorbed. The instant you put it on, it gives the appearance of reduced girth and within a few weeks or months, it accomplishes a reduction in a natural way.

SENT ON TRIAL. Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results the trial costs you nothing. You don't lose a penny. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements and letters from users. Mail the coupon NOW!

LONDON & WARNER, 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

London & Warner, 360 N. Michigan, Chicago. Dept. F-11. Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

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A necessity everywhere. A "turn to the right brings back the light." Safe, economical, dependable. **6-in-1 Fuse Plug.** Most useful invention in years. Many of our distributors in exclusive territory making \$500 to \$1000 a month. Easy to demonstrate. Easy to Sell. Profits begin right away. **Write at once** for proposition. Send 25c for sample and working instructions. **6-in-1 Fuse Co., 801 W. Madison St., Dept. 61, Chicago**

★ VETERANS get preference for Civil Service jobs!

THERE is security and opportunity in government positions. And honorably discharged soldiers, sailors and marines are given a bonus of 5 points in their examinations—disabled veterans, 10 points! Veterans need earn a rating of only 65%, disabled veterans 60% to have their names placed on the eligible register. Disabled veterans are then placed at the head of the register. The Civil Service Commission is authorized to hold special quarterly examinations for veterans entitled to disability preference.

International Correspondence Schools today are helping veterans all over the country qualify for government jobs. I. C. S. Civil Service Courses are designed to cover examination requirements and are complete in every detail. Mark and mail the coupon!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Dept. 7578-C, Scranton, Pa.

I am a ☐ veteran ☐ disabled veteran, age () and my present occupation is _____ Please send me, without obligation, complete information on how I can get a permanent position in government service.

Name _____

Address _____

The Legion Has Kept Its Pledge

(Continued from page 63)

left arm, a crippled hip and various scars, he tried to support himself and his mother as an insurance salesman. For ten years he shifted from job to job. The only time he made an adequate living was when he was kept on a payroll through personal friendship. In 1929 his sole income was \$38 a month, which he had drawn from discharge as compensation for a 38 percent disability, as it was rated by the Government. He and his mother were in want when the service officer of a Legion post represented to the regional office of the Veterans Bureau that this man's disability was more than 38 percent and that his compensation should be increased. The regional office denied the increase, inasmuch as some of the wounds from which Smith was suffering were not of record.

The service officer asked the National Committee in Washington to get certified copies of the records of the French base hospital at which the man was treated. These were obtained and showed the additional wounds, and Smith's compensation was raised to \$56 a month, retroactive for a few months. This, however, did not satisfy the service officer. Working with the National Committee's field secretary, a series of appearances were made before different agencies of the Bureau with the result that Smith's disability rating was increased somewhat. A plea that he be given an additional \$25, allowed by law for the loss of use of a leg or an arm, was denied, however, because a member of the examining board before whom Smith appeared saw him button his coat with the fingers of his disabled arm.

The final appeal was then taken to Washington, involving a question of law concerning retroactive awards, several questions of medicine and a question of common sense concerning a definition of a "useless" arm. Members of the National Committee's permanent legal and medical staffs made presentation of the case as it pertained to their fields. Chairman Watson B. Miller of the Committee summed up the whole. The supreme court of the Veterans Bureau allowed ordinary compensation at the rate of \$64 a month, retroactive to the amount of \$2,706, plus \$25 a month for the useless arm. This man and his mother are in better circumstances now.

Smith's case has not gone to the "closed" file, however. The Legion holds that within the intent of the law Smith has been totally disabled since his discharge and therefore is eligible to the benefits of the War Risk Insurance for which he paid during this service. This would amount to \$57.50 a month, retroactive to date of discharge—a tidy sum. The committee is collecting medical and vocational evidence by which it hopes to establish its contention before the proper board of the Veterans Bureau. Just what would have happened to this

ex-soldier if it had not been for the Legion's quiet work is a contingency upon which I do not care to speculate. The same may be said for tens of thousands of others. During the month of May—the last month for which statistics are available—the National Committee acted in 1,052 cases pending before the Washington offices of the Veterans Bureau.

I do not wish to stress unduly the recoveries in money for veterans and their families. Money is important, but it is not the main thing. The main thing is rehabilitation, which means getting a man in shape and keeping him in shape to make his own way.

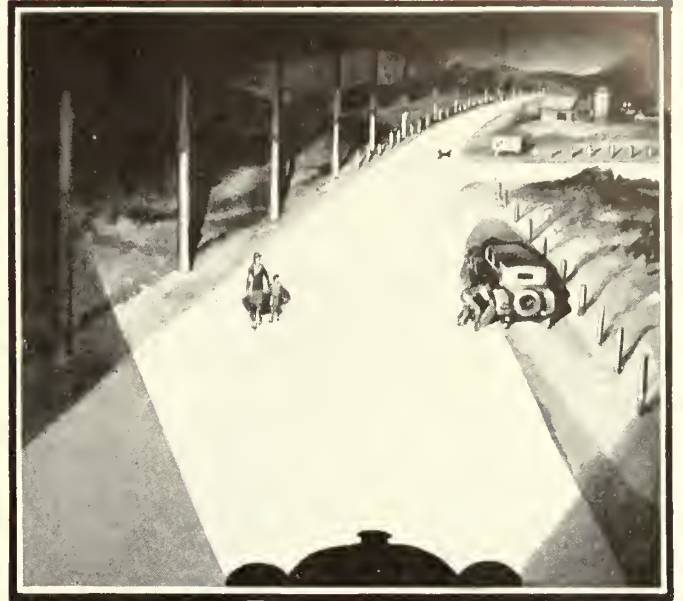
For this phase of rehabilitation the Government, at the emphatic request of the Legion, began in 1921 a program of hospital construction. There are at present 34,693 veterans in hospitals, which is 7,814 more than were there ten years ago. Ten years ago 9,231 patients were suffering from mental diseases. Today 16,665 thus afflicted are in hospitals and more would be there if adequate facilities for this type of case were available. At its last session Congress authorized construction of 5,677 additional hospital beds requested by the Legion. Within the past ten months 759 men have been placed in government hospitals through the intercession of the National Rehabilitation Committee, which figure takes no account of probably a greater number cared for by post and State service officers.

By its works this national committee has become widely known, though not to the public. I have just received figures that are typical for any month. They are for May, when 9,379 letters were written from the Washington office in answer to inquiries and dealing with cases current in the files. Fourteen hundred and thirty-six personal interviews were held in connection with such cases. Two hundred and sixty-five appearances by members of the committee's staffs were made before the appellate boards of the Veterans Bureau.

The achievements and organization of the National Rehabilitation Committee have been studied by foreign governments and by the League of Nations. Its chairman is quoted as an impartial authority on the subject of veteran rehabilitation.

The American Legion twelve years ago declared that its first consideration would be the welfare of afflicted comrades, their widows and orphans. It thus proclaimed the best cause for existence a society of former soldiers and sailors can espouse, excepting only service for country. Twelve years ago no one could foresee where that declaration would lead the Legion. The road has been longer and steeper than anyone anticipated. The American Legion is entitled to a feeling of pride for what it has accomplished. There is still much to be done. It will be done.

NEW KIND of ROADLIGHT!



TINY INVENTION NOW TURNS HEADLIGHTS INTO SEARCHLIGHTS -INSTANTLY!

At last! An invention that lights the road clear as day! Makes any headlights give at least twice the road illumination! Shoots an entirely new kind of "infused" light that banishes glare! Lights up the entire roadway, including ditches at the side! So new and uncanny that it amazes everyone. Now offered for introductory test to all who mail the 10-DAY TRIAL COUPON promptly!



Perfect-O-Lite astonishes expert and layman alike! Science at last has conquered the grief of night driving! Perfect-O-Lite even LOOKS different.

DOUBLES ROADLIGHT.. BUT ENDS DIMMING!

IT is a well-known fact that motor car manufacturers have solved every big problem *except one*. As soon as the sun goes down at night, the highways of America break forth into a constant rushing stream of "dimming and damning." Speed is cut down one-third to one-half. Every Monday morning finds the highways littered with broken glass, wrecks, cars in the ditch, overturned, shattered against telephone posts. Every man who ever groped dizzily down the highway in traffic at night knows the horrible sensation of being half-blinded by cars on his left, unable to see the ditch on his right, his own light seeming dim and shadowy and practically worthless. Now, in a twinkling, this curse of night driving is lifted completely and *inexpensively* from the shoulders of the entire motoring world!



Shoots through fog, mist, rain, and snow like magic! Makes it safe to drive even on foggy, misty nights.

tion as much, yet actually DOES double road illumination. Banishes need for Glare Shields. Cuts through the other fellow's light, yet absolutely cannot glare in his eyes. Makes night driving at 40 to 50 miles an hour safe and easy. Makes ruts, animals, children, detour signs, etc., visible at least three times as far. Actually lights the road so far ahead that you could do 80 miles an hour and still see your way!

The secret of the amazing things this new light does is in the kind of "beam" or "ray" that it throws. Instead of ordinary light, this new invention pours a solid beam of double-reflected or "infused" light down the entire roadway. Shows up ditches at the side, as well as distant objects, absolutely clear, without the usual flickering "shadows." Space here limits further discussion of the facts about this discovery. Under an introductory offer you are now invited to be the judge and jury without risking one penny. The coupon brings full details of the invention, offer of a set on FREE TEST and facts about agent's money-making opportunities. Mail the coupon without obligation, TODAY!



Absolutely no glare to oncoming cars. Unique double-reflected, "infused" light beam cuts through every light on the road. Even lights distant objects with daylight clearness.

AMAZING PROFITS OFFERED TO AGENTS

This unquestionably opens up one of the most amazing money-making opportunities ever presented in America's richest industry. Here actually is that chance for \$8 to \$14 your FIRST hour. \$6,000 to \$10,000 THIS year, with no limit. **WHATEVER** for Distributors. Fleet owners buy quantities. A real self-advertiser: each car equipped is seen by thousands. Start full-time or spare time. Use coupon for FREE TEST OFFER and get full details of Exclusive Territory, etc. Sales Guaranteed. Mail Coupon QUICK!



\$1,400 IN ONE WEEK
Davis, Pa., reports profits of \$1,400 in one week.

Fits Any Headlight

This new lighting discovery is called Perfect-O-Lite. It is not merely an improvement over old methods. Not a mere "attachment." It is a little invention that replaces the "bulbs" in your automobile headlights. No extra wiring or installation. Millions of motorists have invested from \$10 to \$25 or more in so-called "Spot" Lights and "Driving" Lights which at best are only makeshifts. This new lighting method costs only a tiny frac-

PERFECT-O-LITE

Hachmeister-Lind Co.

Dept. M-240

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Hachmeister-Lind Co., Dept. M-240, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Rush details of your Free Test Offer, also send facts about agent's money-making opportunities, without obligations.

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Don't Rasp Your Throat With Harsh Irritants

**"Reach for a
LUCKY instead"**

Place your finger on your Adam's Apple. You are actually touching your larynx — this is your voice box — it contains your vocal chords. When you consider your Adam's Apple, you are considering your throat — your vocal chords.

What is the effect of modern Ultra Violet Rays upon tobacco? Dr. E. E. Free, one of America's well-known scientists, who was retained by us to study Lucky Strike's manufacturing process, addressing the Illuminating Engineering Society, said:

"The essential effect of the Ultra Violet is the production of better tobacco and of cigarettes regarded by virtually all smokers who have tested them as milder and with a lesser tendency to cause throat irritation."

Here in America LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette that employs Ultra Violet Rays in connection with its exclusive "TOASTING" Process — the only cigarette that brings you the benefits of the exclusive "TOASTING" Process which expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos.



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The Lucky Strike
Dance Orchestra,
every Tuesday,
Thursday and Saturday
evening over
N. B. C. networks.

"It's toasted"

Including the use of Ultra Violet Rays
Sunshine Mellows — Heat Purifies

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough



LUCKIES are always
kind to your throat

Estelle Skinner
NEW YORK, N. Y.